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Jenny Lind; or, the Idolatry of the Voice.

Nothing could possibly be more superfluous than a technical criticism on the performances of Jenny Lind. Our intention accordingly is to write no such criticism. The thing is done daily by a hundred writers, who appear to be at considerable pains to vary their phraseology, in the hope of imparting freshness to their terms of admiration. This effort of theirs exhibits human nature in an agreeable light, illustrating the facility with which the self-love of a thousand humble individuals may, without entirely losing its own gratification, be rendered subservient to the self-love of one more adventurous and aspiring.

With Miss Lind's merits as a singer or an actress, about which, as we have said, so many rhapsodies are delivered every day, we, on the present occasion, have nothing to do. Our inclination is not likely to betray us into a controversy on such points. Let us, therefore, be supposed to concede to her admirers all they contend for—namely, that she is the first singing woman of the age; and what then? Will that circumstance justify the ludicrous excitement just now prevalent in what is called society? We did not need the testimony of recent experience to prove to us how empty the heads of most people are, and how necessary it is for their diminutive happiness that one trifle after another should come to put their childish sensibilities in motion, and make them conscious as it were of their own vitality. But the unspeakable frivolity, the immeasurable littleness, the systematic and entire absence of all self-respect, which a large portion of

NO. 1337.

the public now seem eager to display, very much exceed the degree of absurdity which we have been accustomed to give the world credit for.

Don't let the reader exclaim, "Ah, I see you are not musical; you have no relish for a fine voice, no partiality for the opera, no appreciation of those mimetic talents the exertion of which we denominate acting." On all these points the reader who should make such observations would be wrong. No man living has a more genuine relish of music, especially of that sweetest of all music the female voice, or experiences greater enjoyment from witnessing a fine opera or play. What we object to is the excess, the extravagance, the ridiculously false appreciation of things. We would make use of some reserve in applying the word "artist" to a cook or a singer—to the person who gratifies your palate or your ear—who produces a delicious ragout, or sings a fine song. Art, however, in all its modifications, is a noble thing, and we are not at all disposed to withhold this praise from the art of singing. It is really a great achievement to sing well, because, through the instrumentality of the senses, it accomplishes, to a certain extent, the purpose of all art—the pleasurable excitement of the mind. But the inferiority of music to the other arts consists in this, that while painting, sculpture, and, above all, poetry, ameliorate the soul, and produce permanent impressions which become, as it were, part and parcel of our experience, music terminates in mere delight, as fleeting as that occasioned by the smelling of perfume.

45

VOL. XLIX.

48. 2. 99

Perhaps it may be said that the tendency of the effects produced by all kinds of beauty is nearly the same—namely, to soften and relax the mind, to diminish its energy, by supplying it at once with that which it is the object of all energy to attain—pleasure or happiness. But he must have studied his own sensations with little diligence or accuracy, who can confound the results of music with those of poetry, sculpture, or painting. Of all our enjoyments, that of music is the most immersed in sense. It does not directly touch the intellect at all. It is a sort of titillation of the nerves, which it causes to vibrate agreeably, after the manner of all other pleasurable sensations, and in this way acts upon the mind. While the flood of sound fills, if we may use the figure, all those receptacles in our nature which may be said to have been prepared for it, our faculties appear dilated and enlarged, as they do under the pleasing influence of wine, the fumes created by which strongly resemble the delight of music. But when the ebb follows, as follow it must, there immediately succeeds a lassitude which diminishes gradually the vigour of the mind, renders it fastidious and effeminate, and ultimately induces that debility which, when widely prevalent, constitutes national degeneracy.

But, in an age of selfishness, this consideration will have but little weight. People are not in search of that which might strengthen and elevate the national character, but of that which will administer pleasure to themselves. If, therefore, they are gratified, it is enough; and, to a certain extent, they no doubt are gratified by the prevalent idolatry of the voice. People nevertheless are full of fallacies and contradictions; and if they experience little delight in the thing which happens to be in vogue, the delight is by no means little which they have in seeming to agree with their neighbours. If one man begin with the positive, another is sure to rise to the comparative, while a third leaps at once to the superlative. The vulgar have no moderation in anything. They love or hate, without rhyme or reason, to excess; and many who were meant by nature to rise above the vulgar, sink far beneath them by affecting follies which they do not feel, and cultivating weaknesses from which nature originally made them free.

Everybody knows that, as a nation, we are not musical, any more than we are anything else in particular. There is a talent in this country for everything. We can govern ourselves, we can conduct the loftiest processes of civilisation, we can found colonies, we can clothe, house, instruct, and regenerate the most barbarous races of the earth, we can send forth irresistible fleets, manufacture steam-engines and railways, and give birth to poetry which the most literary and refined nations of ancient or modern times might regard with envy—but we are not a musical people, neither are we architectural, or in any other sense of the word artistic. We understand the two master arts of politics and poetry, and, properly speaking, are great in no other. Least of all are we singers or fiddlers. As a people, we resemble the Turks in this, that we relinquish the practice of all such effeminate arts to foreigners, whom we hire for our amusement. The descendants of the Romans who once led their conquering legions to Britain now come hither humbly in search of cash; and the barbarians of the north, the Scandinavians, the Gauls, the Germans, the Iberians, and even the offspring of the fierce and ferocious Huns, flock to London to fiddle, dance, and quaver, for the amusement of the imperial race which has hitherto prided itself in the knowledge of one science only—that of subduing and governing mankind.

But from numerous indications daily becoming more and more striking, we fear it must be acknowledged that our superb and haughty islanders are succumbing to the enervating tastes of the rest of Christendom, and cultivating the inclination not merely to rival the professors of amusement of other lands, but to degenerate into absolute idolators of the mere instruments of pleasure. It is a tendency in human nature, too obvious to be insisted on, to invest a favourite pursuit with undue importance. The man who correctly imitates the crowing of a cock, thinks there is no accomplishment like that of crowing. He will, through excess of liberality, allow there may be some merit in writing a book, or governing a kingdom, or sculpturing a great statue; "But these things," he will observe, "require much less arduous application than crowing." Crowing, therefore, is the

great thing. Just so is it in matters gastronomical. To invent a new dish is more difficult than to write a new epic; so that your successful cook soars naturally far above your poet. They are both useful, in their way; but as men would grow wonderfully thin on chopped lyrics, so the man who administers skilfully to our primary wants, and gives its proper dimensions and rotundity to our physical system, is to be preferred before the mere musical arranger of syllables and the dealer in metaphors and fancies.

All this while, however, we obviously run the risk of being misunderstood. We admire music, and respect those who cultivate it; but we desire to keep our admiration and our respect within due bounds. Hear a singer, if you please, and yield frankly to the influence of the delight which his or her powers of voice may be able to inspire. Do not, however, lose your reason on the occasion. Preserve carefully that which distinguishes man from the inferior animals, and do not run about bleating like a calf, because a young woman of Sweden happens to be gifted with a fine voice, and to have cultivated it with care and success. To a man who has been all day immersed in politics or business, it is a pleasant thing to sit idly in an opera-box, in the company of handsome women, breathing pleasure and perfume, and to listen, perfectly at your ease, to an indefinite series of sweet sounds. Moderately indulged in, this is an enjoyment which recreates and refreshes the mind, and when you return home there is no harm in describing to others who may have been differently, and, perhaps, better engaged, the entertainment you have experienced. And this, in fact, is what rational folks do. It is only the weak, the frivolous, the silly, the mere empty coxcombs, who have not two ideas of their own, who, conjointly with women as ridiculous as themselves, get up a buz in the world about the Swedish Nightingale, the marvel of Scandinavia, the new vocal phenomenon, and so forth. With great propriety people call this sort of feeling the "rage." It is just that. But who that possesses a grain of sense or self respect, would like to be found under the influence of such a rage? Who would be silly enough to carry about, for example, a Jenny Lind handkerchief in his pocket, or to stick her

portrait over his mantel-piece, or to be perpetually repeating her name in all the circles into which he is admitted? Every creature has ears, the least intellectual often the most capacious, and the exercise of the sense of hearing is, we dare say, productive of gratification to all animals. Several species of brutes have some perception of music, because it addresses itself rather to the organic sensibilities of our physical nature, than to those mental faculties peculiar to man. We, therefore, by no means blame the search after musical pleasure, which we enjoy in common with birds and beasts, but in common, also, with the highest intelligencies of which we have any knowledge. But intense enjoyment of all kinds is silent. Happiness fills the heart almost to overflowing, but he who feels it sounds no trumpet to call together witnesses of his pleasure.

The true lovers of music, therefore, are not they who fall ostentatiously into raptures, who deal in exclamations, who ransack and torture language, in order to find expressions for their foolish enthusiasm. There are pleasures far sweeter and more exquisite than those imparted by music. But they are enjoyed silently in the hush and retirement of nature, where the unheard harmony within is infinitely more delicious than any possible combination of external sounds. And yet for these sensations language has no name and nature no voice. The noisy trumpeters of their emotions are they who feel least. He in whose mind music finds a large echo, equal to its greatest force and expansion, gives vent, perhaps afterwards, in melodious language to his delight, when memory strives to collect and link together those fragments of emotion which time has shattered, like a beautiful vase, wasting all the precious perfume it contained. Small and shallow capacities are always running over and pointing to what constitutes their misfortune, as to an evidence of their mental wealth. It is little fancy or sensibility that they possess; but their minds are too narrow to contain even that, so that they must be prating and revealing their helpless feebleness to the world.

We always smile when the name of Jenny Lind is brought up in conversation, for it has become quite as bad as the weather, on which people daily hazard original remarks. When the sky is as

leaky as a sieve, some ingenious persons whom we meet in an omnibus or in a railway carriage will naïvely observe, "It is a very rainy day, sir." You yourself, but for your umbrella, would never, perhaps, have made the discovery; but as you came along the street the pattering of the heavy drops upon the silk—which, by the way, we consider a very pleasant sound—has forced upon you the conviction that what your poetical neighbour avers is a fact. Now the rain and the sunshine have a sort of holiday, and are laid by for future use. You can scarcely notice whether the wind blows from the east or from the west, nor does any one else. It is more interesting to discuss the qualities of Jenny Lind's voice.

Let not the reader fancy for a moment that we would point out this rage as a novel phenomenon. On the contrary, it is older than the siege of Troy. Silly people have always found some silly topic to employ their minds upon. It was once Garrick; it was then Pasta or Siddons; it is now Jenny Lind. It is only the name of the folly that changes. The absurdity itself is immutable, a permanent inflection, as it were, of human nature, which, in certain forms of its development, is always declined in that mood. This may be, in part, accounted for just now by the paucity of overwhelming topics. We have exhausted the war on the Sutlej, and the famine, and the potato rot, and Jenny Lind has come into our aid very opportunely. We were really in want of a change.

The phenomena we witness almost force us to adopt the theory of a poet, himself once a fashionable topic, but now thrown a little into the background by other notabilities, such as fiddlers on one string, professors of mesmerism, and Swedish nightingales. The metrical philosopher to whom we allude, inquires with much simplicity—

"And what if all of animated nature
Be but organic harps diversely framed,
That tremble into thought, as o'er them
sweeps,
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze?"

Even, however, should we reject this notion as regards all animated nature, we may adopt it as regards all musical nature—musical, we mean, in the fashionable

sense—a thing under the influence of the rage. This multitude, chiefly of the epicene gender, fill drawing-room and boudoir with sighs, and exclamations, and sounds, which not one of the characters in our six and twenty lettered alphabet will represent. Formerly if you looked hopefully into a woman's eyes, you would behold your own image reflected there. But this is no longer the case. Instead, you discover a diminutive portrait of Jenny Lind. The process is quite miraculous. The most transcendental philosophers in petticoats cannot soar above the rage. They think it becomes them to humour their contemporaries, to repeat what they hear, to put on, as it were, the livery of the hour, and deck themselves with those fantastic frivolities which, in their reflecting moments, they despise, or would at least be thought to despise.

We will venture, however, to make a suggestion to these transcendental admirers of what they denominate art. And it is this: whether an inference unfavourable to their reputation for philosophy may not be drawn from their excitement. There is art in painting, art in sculpture, and still higher art in literary composition. How happens it then that neither painter, sculptor, nor author, habitually excites a degree of admiration equal to that excited by some singer or dancer? The picture, the statue, or the book—and more especially the last—may contain within itself a world of thought and passion, and be calculated to awaken powerful emotions as long as it continues in existence. But the professed partisans of art retreat from the artist, *par excellence*, and will have nothing to do with him. He requires in those who enjoy his creations some effort on their part. They must bring along with them understanding, taste, and patience, to observe the gradual development of beauty. They must sit still awhile, and watch, while a procession of ideas passes before them, exhibiting, it may be, every form of grace, every attitude and gesture of refined nature, and breathing forth a freshness equalling that of the spring. But the mob in search of excitement are incapable of effort. What they require is the art which, allowing them to remain utterly passive, will administer to them agreeable sensations. For this reason the statue is dumb and unso-

eable to them. A glance suffices to reveal all that is intelligible in it to their understandings. They cannot discourse with it for hours. They have no love for its far-off birthplace in the imagination of mythical times, when there were celestial dwellers upon earth, who condescended to hold converse with man, and gave him an insight into an ideal world, utterly invisible to the physical organ. Sculpture, consequently, is not popular, nor can its professors touch the multitude, unless, relinquishing the world of ideal loveliness, they take up with individuals instead of symbols, and represent some thing that has worn broadcloth or muslin, and cloaked or muffled in winter.

Painting commands a wider field of sympathy, because it can more easily vulgarise itself and reproduce those familiar objects which are invested with homely associations—can recall, as it were, to life a favourite horse or dog, and thus interest the good feeling or vanity of patrons in its support. But painting, if it would speak home to the majority, and live comfortably by its productions, must beware of all idealisations, and eschew pure beauty, whether in the human form or in external nature. There is little or nothing in a poetical landscape, or in a sublime scripture piece, or in a felicitous translation into form and colours of one of the exquisite primitive mythes of our species, to recommend it to the majority, who, if questioned, would infinitely prefer the humours of a country fair, a boat, a cow, or a basket of fish.

Music also, like the other arts, has its poetry, its refined and subtle delights, which real sensibility only can appreciate. But to enjoy the most exalted music, it is by no means necessary to possess technical knowledge. You may not be able to describe your sensations, or give the received names to the sounds which produce them, but your enjoyment may be as perfect, and your judgment as true, as those of the most learned professor. It is not, however, as an art that we here speak of music, but as a rage, as a thing which intoxicates the vain and frivolous, sets them gesticulating, chattering, and persecuting their neighbours with perpetual exhibitions of their enormous folly. We are not greatly surprised or much disgusted by the stories related to us of the musical mania which

the performances of Miss Lind excited in Stockholm. Those worthy Scandinavians having no part to play in the political drama of the world, may without much reproach abandon themselves to the worship of bars and crotchets. Being in all other points of view utterly contemptible, having never since the beginning of the world had above three great men among them, and being at present utterly destitute of genius and of every thing else which confers distinction on a political community, it is quite intelligible that they should rave about a singer. We think it perfectly amiable in the grotesque hyperboreans. Nature has not qualified them to appreciate high literary merit, otherwise, when their historian Geyer died the other day, we should have witnessed among them some outbreak of popular sorrow worthy of the departed and of a respectable people. Their historian died, however, and was buried: and, so far as we can learn, there was no excitement on the occasion. But then he only endeavoured to instruct them—only described in eloquent language the manners and achievements of their ancestors—only laboured, during his long and valuable life, to cherish and to bring to maturity those few seeds of civilisation which time and circumstances had borne to the North. His abilities and his efforts were consequently little heeded. Could he have fiddled or sung, could he have tickled their ears or excited their enervated passions, he would have been half worshipped by the flaxen-haired barbarians, who discovered a more suitable idol in Jenny Lind, whom they have for some years past looked up to as a personage little inferior to the Odin or the Llama of Tibet. No blame to Miss Lind. It is her business to profit by the absurdities of mankind. Besides, up to a certain point the admiration which she and all other able singers excite is legitimate, and neither she nor any other singer can reasonably be expected to reject the incense which the rabid idolaters around them persist in burning upon their altars. Most likely, therefore, she does not regard the musical rabble of Stockholm as fools at all, neither do the creatures who squeak and jibber in the streets of London appear to her as other than very respectable specimens of humanity. To enjoy music she knows is delightful, and it is not for her to deter-

mine where the delight ceases to be a rational feeling, and degenerates into an ebullition of idiocy.

Look, however, at the results. Singers such as she realise immense fortunes in a few years, and while engaged in the process are surrounded with every luxury and treated with every mark of extravagant respect which nations in a state of Saturnalian excitement can bestow, while men possessing the noblest intellects of the age, whose works will probably prove a blessing to all posterity, who exercise a humanising influence over half their species, are either treated with cold neglect, or rewarded in a niggardly and grudging manner. The reason, however, is quite plain. With all their affected reverence for the mind an overwhelming majority of mankind infinitely prefer the pleasures of the senses. Wisdom, philosophy, genius, &c., are things calm and quiet, twinkling as it were like stars in the heaven of intellect, and challenging no extravagant admiration or idolatry. A few lone worshippers, scattered over the face of society, offer up to them, perhaps, their adoration in darkness and silence. But the multitude has no perception of their excellence, and is, therefore, quite justified in withholding its admiration. The object of its worship is excitement of the senses or imagination, but chiefly of the former. Give it powerful sensations. Intoxicate it with sensuous exhibitions, fascinate its ears or supply startling exhibitions for its eyes, and it will yield to the allurements with unbounded gratification.

Hence the extravagant idolatry of the voice, which acquires for persons very helpless and imbecile in themselves honours equal to those of a Roman triumph. The man who added a province to the mighty commonwealth of Italy, and who, by his genius and administrative wisdom, called a world of social happiness into existence; who shed the light of freedom and civilisation on ten thousand hearths; who unconsciously, perhaps, but not therefore the less certainly, paved the way for divine truth, was not, on his return to his native city, greeted with more enthusiasm than the young singing woman of Sweden by the inhabitants of Stockholm. Among the Scandinavians, therefore, the power to administer a momentary gratification to the senses is held in the same estimation as the

power to wield sagaciously the authority of a great state was by the citizens of republican Rome.

Of course, it would be absurd to expect Roman virtue or taste from the Swedes. Each people prizes what affords it pleasure. To the ancient conquerors of mankind, the sense of dominion imparted the highest gratification; to the dreamy inhabitants of Sweden and Germany, a singer is the greatest impersonation of humanity. In the modern world the people of England represent the Romans, and have by sea and land achieved what even those foster children of the she-wolf failed to accomplish. We would have them persevere in the same track of ambition, and not turn aside or pause in their course, to imitate the enervated rabble of Vienna or Stockholm. In the intervals of political exertion, when neither duty nor business has claims upon them, they may without discredit listen to the shrill-throated foreigners, whom the conviction of our national superiority in wealth and power attracts hither. But let us not convert a trivial amusement into a serious passion. Least of all should women, who have the honour to be the wives and mothers of Englishmen, condescend to become the servile admirers of a singing or dancing girl. It is enough that they pay reasonably the person who amuses them. But they should never lose sight of the distinction made by nature, between that which merely entertains, and that which permanently benefits mankind.

To us Jenny Lind should be a mere incarnate voice. We have nothing to do with her in any other relation. If her friends and acquaintances find her pleasant or good, or kind in private life, that is their affair. They are at liberty to like the woman, as far as she is amiable, and to respect her as far as she is deserving of it. But the public as a whole can neither know nor esteem her. They have, therefore, nothing to do with her character, which, we dare say, is quite as praiseworthy as her admirers assure us it is. In no respect do we blame Miss Lind, who doubtless thinks that people *ought* to admire her quite as much as they do, and is quite persuaded that if they should lavish on her the revenues of a kingdom, the reward would not exceed her deserts. The appetite of singing and dancing girls for praise and pelf has been celebrated from the

IRREGULAR
PAGINATION.

first dawn of civilisation, and they ought to have been classed with those four things which, according to the wise man, never cry, "Hold, enough!" It is with the public that our quarrel is—with those who rank agreeable amusement before all things else; who are not ashamed to have the name of a singing girl perpetually in their mouths; who devote to the study of her performances, the time which even in their case might be better employed.

If our readers should themselves be among the Lindians, they will, of course, smile at our notions, and, like the Archbishop of Toledo, will wish we had a little more taste. We ourselves, of course, regret that we cannot in all things go along with our contemporaries whom we naturally esteem, above all the generations that have gone before or may follow after. We are not among those who worship the past or expect miracles from the future. Posterity, we dare say, will have its follies like ourselves, and run after will o' the-wisps with equal pertinacity. We are, therefore, not in the slightest degree concerned about its decisions. It may mind its own business as we desire to mind ours. Our whole solicitude is concentrated on the present—we wish the good folks, little and big, with whom we are personally acquainted, to do what is right, to enjoy themselves as they ought, and, as far as possible, to avoid placing themselves in the unenviable position of Dogberry in the play. We have not said all we might on the subject. In fact, avoiding all harshness, we have confined ourselves to gentle admonitions, which, we trust, will produce no discord among the professors of harmony, while they remind people that there are other harmonies superior to any produced by voice or fiddle-strings—the harmonies of intellect and common-sense, which, in certain quarters, have been sadly disturbed for several months past. It will be seen that we have not adverted to any of those innumerable arts which have been put in practise to excite public curiosity—such things being beneath the notice of criticism. We have exalted no rival at Miss Lind's expense, have not even taken occasion to commemorate the achievements of those among her sister singers who have afforded us most delight. Some other time will do for that. We have confined ourselves just now to pointing out some few extravagant features in the Idolatry of the Voice.

"Temper."

Mr. Robert Bell, the author of "Temper,"* is an author possessed of abilities far beyond his reputation. Much that he has written has been anonymous. He is one of those who throw their bread upon the waters with or without the hope of finding it after many days. Now, however, at length the public appear disposed to appreciate him, to give him credit for his wit and vivacity, and for that elegant and urbane style of writing which we reckon among the rarest qualities of an author. In the comedy of "Temper," he has exhibited the failing which it is his object to correct by ridicule, in a manner which is very far from being exaggerated. Lady Tempest is by no means a tempestuous shrew, though she contrives nevertheless to extinguish in her husband the love of home, and drive him to take refuge in frivolous amusements. Under the influence of poetical justice, however, the author attributes a due amount of faults to the husband also, who is restless, vain, and fickle, and, strictly speaking, perhaps more deeply culpable than his wife. It is chiefly under the supposition that ladies should all of them be domestic reformers, that Lady Tempest falls short of the mark of her high calling. She lives perpetually on the verge of hostilities, though her demonstrations are only occasionally violent. Had her husband been what he ought, she might possibly have been reformed; and, on the other hand, had the sense of duty been uppermost in her mind, she might have produced a change in his character, which we at once discover to be very much needed. Circumstances achieved for them what they were unable to accomplish for themselves. They are corrected, reconciled, and to all appearance left happy at the close of the play, by being practically convinced of the necessity of mutual concessions and mutual forbearance.

Florence Wilmot, the unmarried heroine of the piece, supplies another illustration of the evils of a bad-temper, as she is on the eve of losing a husband by it, and thus of being rendered as miserable as such a young lady could be, for a certain number of weeks or months. We would say years, but that we might thus run the risk of appearing too sentimental. We live fast in these days, and therefore, in all affairs of the heart, substitute the human for the solar period. Cyril Tempest is a good specimen of the fashionable lover, who thinks

* "Temper," a Comedy, in Five Acts, as represented at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, on Monday, May 17th. By Robert Bell, author of "Mothers and Daughters," "Marriage," &c. London, J. H. Brown.

a good deal of his mistress, but a prodigious deal more of himself. He had rather lose than bend to her. She is wilful and wayward, and he takes her at her word, quarrels with her as soon as she affords him a handle for doing so, and in transatlantic phraseology bolts through the first opening afforded him by fortune. He is then of course immensely sorry, and so is she. They plant themselves out of each other's hearing, and sigh like furnaces, to the infinite amusement of the auditors and spectators. Their follies are exceedingly well managed, and they appear as comical a couple of owls as you could wish to see on a summer's day.

Among the other characters of the piece, we most admire Mr. Hope Emerson and Sir Marmaduke Topple. The former, admirably performed by Webster, is one of the coolest and cleverest fortune-hunters we remember to have seen on the stage, and the latter, represented with consummate art by Farren, is a remarkably fine specimen of the jocosely and benevolent octogenarian. To his love-making, however, we object. It is, we know, in nature that men should make fools of themselves, after this fashion, at all ages; but it is not in nature that, upon having entered into this course of folly, they should abandon it so suddenly and so easily as Sir Marmaduke Topple does. He seems at once to forget all about his fancy for Florence Wilmot, and, with readiness altogether incredible, gets infected with a perfect rage for marrying her to another. The comic effect is possibly heightened by this display of senile extravagance, but in the same proportion the proprieties of nature are treasured upon. Among the other characters, several are very ably imagined and delineated, though we have here no space to enter into their peculiarities. The piece took at once completely with the audience, who were thrown into the best possible humour, and several times applauded enthusiastically the performers, in most cases ably seconding the efforts of the writer. At the close of the piece, the spectators called loudly for the author, who appeared at one of the boxes, and was greeted with warm and repeated cheers. His success was most complete and flattering, and there seems to be every reason to believe that "Temper" will hold possession of the stage. Mr. Bell's style is pointed, terse, and elegant, free from ambitious effort, and therefore seldom disappointing expectation. His ideas and his language are well suited to each other, and there is frequently in both a sparkling vivacity, which must be universally pleasing. We select one short passage, as a striking specimen of his manner:

Sir Marmaduke Topple. There, just as

you look now—you remind me of a face, it flits across me, and vanishes.

Florence Wilmot. One that you remember, sir—long ago?

Sir Mar. A life is gone by—the interval is lost—but I remember it like yesterday. I see it sometimes in your eyes for a moment, and years come back, and then it fades—and all is blank again.

Flo. What was it, sir? Some one you loved, who died?

Sir Mar. 'Twas like a child playing in the sun, and suddenly struck blind; he never sees the light again, but he carries it in his memory to his grave.

Flo. And she you loved, died? Perhaps, 'twere better so.

Sir Mar. No—no! What did I say? Strange shadows came between us—but I forget—I forget. People who love each other in their youth should not let clouds fall between them.

TO A FATHER ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Translated from Malcherbes.

BY HENRY KING, M.A.

Will then this grief, oh Périer, ne'er be done?

Must the sad plaints which flow

From thy paternal sorrows serve alone

Still to augment thy woe?

Thy daughter's doom—a doom to all that lives,

Assigned by Heaven's decree:

Is it some maze whence Reason vainly strives

Her 'wildered steps to free?

I know what charms adorned her childhood's morn;

Nor would I falsely deign,

His deeming friend, by aught of slight or scorn,

To soothe a father's pain.

But she was of a world with storms most rife

For every fairest flower,

And lived, herself a rose, a rose's life—

A bright, brief morning hour!

Yes! none is like to Death of soul severe—

Death, whom no prayers can turn:

Sternly he closeth his unheeding ear,

And leaveth us to mourn.

The peasant's straw-roofed hut and lowly state

Must his dominion own;

And the armed warder at yon palace gate

Guards not from him the throne.

The Nabob's Arrival.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

"Lawn as white as driven snow,
Cypress black as any crow,
Bangle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Pins and poking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel,
Come buy of me, come buy, come buy."

Winter's Tale, Song of Antolycus, act III, sc. 3.

In one of those far-off country towns, where no monopolising railroad has yet invaded the "quiet tenor of its way," and which isolated locality we must be allowed to designate by the name of Littleperch, a pleasant party collected in social chat around a hospitably-furnished tea-table, discussed the small politics of the small town with infinite glee and *gusto*. The *coterie* was entirely composed of ladies; so of course a great deal was said: tea-cups clattered, tongues "waxed fast and furious," when suddenly one of them pronounced the name of Hyder Hum Gong! which appeared to find its echo in the hearts of all present; thereby creating, what the newspapers are pleased to denominate, a "sensation." And wherefore should the bare utterance of that name so engross the undivided interest of that fair assembly? for an instant silencing every tongue, only to re-echo Gong! Gong! Gong! with renewed energy. We will endeavour briefly to reply to this spirit-stirring Gong. Hyder Hum Gong had in his native country accumulated stores of its "good red gold" to his heart's content; which in matters of gold, is certainly saying a great deal. The arrival of this wealthy nabob to reside at his splendid mansion, Bungalow Hall, was a circumstance that, in a town of narrow circumstances and very limited notions, was attended by the usual demonstrations of joyous welcome. The High Street was in quite a commotion of small pomposity: new shops were suddenly opened in unexpected quarters by bold enterprising spirits speculating thereon; while one most important piece of information had been ascertained to the satisfaction of the female portion of the community—Hyder Hum Gong, Esq., was still a bachelor; there was no Mrs. Gong to respond his affections; so that the hearts of all the single and disengaged ladies thereabouts seemed justified in beating little private tattoos of hope and expectation. He had not yet appeared publicly; but, on the ensuing Sunday, perhaps—and at the annual ball, that was so near at hand—of course, the rich Indian Squire would patronise the ball, and then—who could tell?

"A chance for you all, girls," exclaimed

old well-meaning Mrs. Blunderbolt; "ay, ay, even Miss Wallflower there!"

"Are you speaking of me, ma'am?" inquired that lady, with an aspect by no means flattered or flattering.

Poor Mrs. Blunderbolt was not so dull, but she could perceive that she had somehow said a something that had better have been unsaid; and that "some word there was"—though it is more than probable that the quotation did not just then occur to her: to conceal her confusion, therefore, she deemed it advisable to be seized with a sudden violent fit of coughing, alledging that she was sure something must have gone the wrong way; and this little *ruse* on her part afforded time for the party offended to swallow the unpremeditated affront, contained in the little word "even." Conversation was resumed. Soon the magic Gong again reverberated from the anxious circle, in all its pristine grandeur and importance; yet ere we proceed, a word or two respecting Mrs. Blunderbolt may not be amiss, that lady playing too prominent a part in our little narrative to be passed by without notice. This lady had been many years a widow, and the matronly confidant and adviser of such of her female acquaintance as anticipated becoming wives. To this her frequent cosy tea meetings added additional zest, and did not fail to maintain for her much of the importance of her more affluent days. She continued moreover to weave for herself a sort of halo of respect, by occasional allusions to her connexions in India, thereby conjuring up certain visions of splendour, that whether retrospective or prospective, answered her purpose equally well; and if even non-existent, was a happy hit of Mrs. Blunderbolt. Casual allusions to "friends in India" must always be productive of good effect; and there is no necessity to enter into particulars, as to the object of our reminiscences being a pillow-stuffing muti or a stuffed monkey. It must be confessed, however, that the good lady's discourse was apt sometimes to be somewhat confused upon her favourite topic, and might render severely criticising auditors a little sceptical as to the accuracy of her details; however, we shall let Mrs. Blunderbolt speak for herself.

"And so, my dears," continued the lady, clearing her throat, and with a furtive glance at Miss Wallflower, "as I just now observed, it is so very fortunate that I should be able to afford you such correct information of the manners and customs of India, now that the arrival of this wealthy single gentleman makes it a matter of importance to you all; and to be sure my having connexions in India—hem! A cousin of mine was a resident;

there for many years, and used to tell me a number of stories about the people there. By the bye, some of them are the greatest story-tellers; ay, and brag of it too! For my part, I think they ought to be ashamed of themselves instead; but every nation has its own customs you know; and to be sure, I thought they must be always making game—quizzing you know, when cousin Humphrey talked so much about their sham-pooing: till he explained to me it meant pinching, and poking, and pommeling people about, when they wanted it; to set them rights you know, and serve them right I think. Ah, it's the only way every where. However, my cousin had an opportunity of seeing a great deal of their ways when he lived in fashionable apartments at Constantinople; the whole of the first floor of course, and use of the kitchen; it was in the Black Hole, I think, or Mount Vesuvius, or somewhere in that neighbourhood; they have such comical names for places abroad, that I dare say you wonder what I am talking about. However, what I was going to say, and wish particularly to point out to you, ladies all—was about their rules in matters of courtship. Ah! my dears, no niggling and higgling with a young woman as is too often the case in this country; no leading her a fool's dance, and then bidding her good morning, just when she thinks he is going to pop the question; no, no, all straightforward and honourable, I will say that for them; a gentleman there behaves as a gentleman; if he is accepted—all very well; if he is refused—he has the object of his affections tied in a sack and put in the—the—Thames, or chops off her head, or——”

Mrs. Blunderbolt paused, probably to recal some other instance of oriental gallantry; nevertheless, her fair auditors did not appear to be particularly impressed with admiration at the latter part of her information, which the narrator observing, quickly added, “But la! isn't it much the same sort of proceeding with us in England? doesn't a man when he's refused, swear that he'll stab himself, or drown himself, or blow his brains out, and all sorts of shocking things? it's only reversing the case you know.”

“That's very true, very true indeed,” chorussed all the ladies, simultaneously; and, I assure you, seeming quite cheered at the different position of affairs.

“All I wish you to understand, my dears,” continued Mrs. Blunderbolt, with a patronising air—“all I wish to impress upon your sensitive minds is, that you musn't any of you be surprised at the method Mr. Gong may think proper to adopt in imparting his sentiments; in respect of which, as there evidently is no

Mrs. Gong, affords you all a fair chance that must terminate in a fair choice you know. He! he! he! Heigho! Ah! it isn't often that I say a smart thing, now that my connexions in India—well, that's neither here nor there.”

“Dear madam,” observed one of the visitors, “Mr. Gong will of course be introduced at the ball, when we may expect that——”

“My love,” interrupted the zealous matron, “if he's a true oriental in his ways, he won't wait for the ball, depend on't; their notions of etiquette are so different from ours. Mark my words now, if he sees any one of you by accident, and should take a fancy, I should n't at all wonder but he pops on his knees in the very streets and makes a formal declaration; or at any rate, leaves a nosegay or a letter at the lady's door. Ay, ay!” continued the old lady, nodding sagaciously, “only let me hope the nabobess will give me due notice, that I may be the first to offer my congratulations. He! he! he!”

And “He! he! he!” was gaily echoed by the fair assembly, that as separating for the evening, found each fluttered member fondly contemplating her own little cherished hope; that of Miss Wallflower being by no means the least flattering. It was this lady who, as may be remembered, expressed herself as slightly irate at the unlucky *lapse* of her hostess, touching the awkward “even,” when alluding to her chance for the golden apple of humanity, thus unexpectedly thrown among them. Now Miss Wallflower, was, it must be acknowledged, still—still Miss Wallflower, which certainly sounds very much as though the lady would have had no objection to some other cognomen, advocating connexions with society of a more responsible position; not that it was so very late in the day (as people phrase it) with Miss Wallflower; her acquaintance had not yet ceased their pleasant jesting about beaux and bride-cake; gentleman's particularities, and gentlemen in particular; her “virgin companions” would still occasionally commence their interesting correspondence, with the pretty significance lurking in, “I know not if I am still to address you as my dear Miss Wallflower;” while the more experienced, and of course more privileged, would yet chime in with the quaint old fashioned distich of “Happy is the wooing, &c.” Then the lady herself had not discarded her *chaperon*, or ceased to be solicitous respecting hues promising to harmonise with her complexion—so the state of affairs was evident; the fair Wallflower was in fact a “last rose of summer left blooming alone.”

It was on a fine morning succeeding the little interesting cabinet council, on the

greatly interesting topic with which we commenced, that this lady might have been seen on her way to a certain point of attraction, that was one of the "bold specs" in the small town rejoicing in the arrival of a wealthy nabob; and that had astonished its inhabitants, as being one of those dashing emporiums of fashionable attire so restless to female fancy from the age of seventeen to seventy. Thus it was that, drawn by the finest threads, and entangled by the silken fetters of superior British as well as foreign manufacture, Miss Wallflower approached this tempting locality, "on extravagant thought intent."

Littleperch had for many years boasted of one respectable haberdasher's shop; nevertheless, the stately edifice that, immediately opposite, had been so recently thrown open to the public, scorned to be a shop at all; but announced itself to be a "repository," a "magasin des modes," a "temple of taste," &c., while the "company" from London thought the "company" over the way by no means fit company; and the "young gentlemen" of both establishments failed not to glance scissors and packing-needles at each other over their occasional pints of half-and-half. However, notwithstanding the dignified pillared door-way and newly-painted panels, the expansive glass windows, rich in their multitudinous tints, of Messrs. Tape, Scrape, and Bobbery, old Grabit and Mum deemed themselves too long established to resort to any of the enticements adopted by their pompous rival; and to do the lady justice, she turned into the shop at which she had long dealt, and always been accommodated to her satisfaction. Now the eyes of the fair customer were not so dazzled by the delightfully perplexing combination of shot satin and shaded silk, but that they more than once encountered those of an individual at the "repository" opposite, very intently regarding her. He was, she thought, of very gentlemanly exterior, and was lounging with a sort of airy negligence, near the entrance of the "magasin," that was quite new among country folks; and that struck her as being wonderfully stylish indeed. And his eyes seemed still to watch her at every turn; earnestly, yet most respectfully; ardently, yet with all humility—they were black eyes too—large black oriental eyes! Ah, heavens! perhaps—then such an orange-tinted foreign complexion—might he not be—she started as though suddenly bitten by a swarm of mosquitoes of delightful anticipation! She had read the "Arabian Nights" with pleasure (as who have not?); and though unable to boast of connexions in India, like some people, she well remembered the romantic masqueradings of the renowned caliph, who so de-

lighted to find out in other people's clothes, what he decided upon in his own. A nabobess in prospective, in most delightful flutter, the astounded, and bewildered, the obsequious "young gentleman," about gold and silver muslins, hinted something about a bird of paradise feather, and never before was so fastidious over the gay assortment submitted for her inspection. Resolved upon affording the mysterious stranger sufficient opportunity for the acquaintance he appeared so solicitous of cultivating, Miss Wallflower continued to linger in the shop, more and more difficult to please—for he was still opposite. She tried the effect of the apple-blossom against the French grey; she glanced across the way—he was still there: she tried on several pairs of kid gloves, of course they all proved to be too large, and too small, to her wearied attendant's infinite consternation, but—he was still watching her with apparently the most intense anxiety. At last the lady drew forth her purse, and all the "young gentlemen" began simultaneously to rub their hands; old Grabit himself setting the example, as he stood at the back of the shop, or, as dramatists express it, in the back scene, having retired up the stage, but still evincing, by his bye-play, his attention to the business. Miss Wallflower, ordering her parcels to be sent home, prepared to depart, Grabit himself advancing to hold open the door; and now she obtained a full view of the interesting incognito; and he of course of her; while the lady, in order that he might profit sufficiently thereby, condescended to be unusually chatty with Mr. Grabit, informing him of the state of the weather, with similar diffusions of useful knowledge, and having loitered long enough to drop her gloves, handkerchief, and parasol, one after another, indulging perhaps an incipient notion of the stranger rushing across the way to restore them: this, however, not being the result, Miss Wallflower received the fallen articles from the hands of old Grabit, and walked smilingly away, with all the placid dignity of—what might come to pass.

"It is himself, doubtless," thought the fair one, as she paced onwards, "or why such singular behaviour from a stranger—such marked attention? Mrs. Blunderbolt has afforded us all sufficient information of Eastern customs to confirm some unusual proceedings on his part: he is diffident, no doubt, being a foreigner. He is evidently struck with me, and the next thing I may expect will, no doubt, be a nosegay, or, perhaps, a letter."

Such are her reflections, when she hears a step close behind her—a moment, it is at her side; she looks up, again to encounter

the large black oriental eyes and orange-hued face, while in his hand is a letter, that, beseechingly, he presents; agitated, she accepts; with a profound bow he departs, and the letter—oh, that letter! the exulting Miss Wallflower immediately places near her heart. And was it possible, under existing circumstances, to restrain her very natural impatience to peruse this precious document? Scarcely, it must be confessed; and though her home was not far distant, she would, doubtless, had not her way been somewhat too populous a thoroughfare, have torn it open on the spot; a few hasty glances within its folds disclosed a fine copperplate hand, and the words in good English, "immense property," "proudest day of life," "eternal gratitude," served to confirm her most sanguine expectations. In the fulness of her exultation, Miss Wallflower determined to at once hasten to confide her triumph to the friendly Mrs. Blunderbolt. She was not, however, more disconcerted than surprised, at finding that worthy matron surrounded by nearly the whole of the assembled party of the evening before; the countenance of each bearing the same impress of mysterious importance of which she was herself conscious. As she entered, the voice of Mrs. Blunderbolt declaiming loudly, and apparently with much indignation, saluted her ears; and of which, to her additional consternation, she found herself the object.

"And here," continued the angry lady, "here comes another, who has, I dare say, received a letter from him."

"Hush, hush! dear Mrs. Blunderbolt," whispered the flurried damsel, as she drew close to her, "pray don't speak so loud. It's a delicate affair you know; but I have just received a letter in a very mysterious way—and I—hem! I wish to consult you in private, my dear madam."

"In private!" screamed the lady, "ay, that's the story with you all: all here have received a mysterious letter—more shame for him! I—I myself have had one."

"You! Mrs. Blunderbolt?" was the chorussed exclamation.

"Yes, indeed: found just now under the knocker of the street door."

"He! he! he!" simpered a little pert-looking miss, "well, that is strange!"

"Not at all, miss," observed the old lady, tossing her head, "though I certainly haven't youth to recommend me, still you forget, miss, my connexions in India!"

"La! ma'am," replied the tittering maiden, "nobody that knows you can possibly forget that, I'm sure."

"Well, well," replied Mrs. Blunderbolt, "it's nonsense to quarrel. Here you are, all come to me before opening your letters, girls, because you know how well I can

explain matters, which, thank goodness, it's well for all your sakes that I can. I haven't opened my own yet; but I can see—I can guess—the base man! I know what he's driving at well enough; but it won't do in this country, I can tell him, an audacious heathen!"

"What—what, can you mean, Mrs. Blunderbolt?" exclaimed several voices.

"Mean, my dears?" shrieked the matron. "Why, it's clear he's following the odious custom of his country, and means to have a sly raree show of us! Pray, miss, what are you laughing at?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," replied the tittering girl; "I thought, perhaps, that you might mean seraglio, and—"

"You thought, miss," sharply interrupted Mrs. Blunderbolt; "pray, do you happen to have connexions in India?"

"No, ma'am; but I—"

"Why then, miss, I can only say that—I have!" replied the indignant matron, "and it's lucky—lucky, indeed, for you all that I happen to be so well acquainted with everything relating to that part of the world. I know all their tricks, and if Mr. Gong thinks to have his sly raree show, it's what won't be allowed in a Christian country, I can assure him. It means, my dears, having a whole gang of Mrs. Gongs! when we all know that, in our civilised country, a man sometimes finds one Mrs. Gong about his ears, one too many. However, ladies, as this gentleman has had the assurance to pay his addresses thus indiscriminately, I propose that we compare his letters, by one of the party reading her's aloud; the rest, meanwhile, each perusing her own in silence. As the elder among you, I volunteer the contents of my own."

Simultaneously an open billet rustled in each fair hand, amid general murmurs of indignation. Here I must be permitted to follow the example of most sentimental writers, and "draw a veil" over the cruel and mortifying elucidation of the matrimonial intentions of Hyder Hum Gong, Esq., as, with an audible voice, the erudite Mrs. Blunderbolt read aloud the following:—

"Messrs. Tape, Scrape, and Bobbery most respectfully beg leave to announce to the ladies of Littleperch and its vicinity, that, having recently purchased the immense London stock of Messrs. Dash, Flash, Smash, and Breakup, they are enabled to offer that valuable property at a sacrifice that must startle and utterly confound their bewildered customers; for whose favours their proudest day of life will be that of their eternal gratitude; and also the first of April.

"N.B.—Please to observe that our shop is not the one opposite!"

Specimens of Petrarcha ;

SELECTED FROM HIS POEMS ON THE
DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED BY T. H. SEALY.

(Author of "The Porcelain Tower," "The Little Old
Man of the Wood," &c. &c.)

No. III.

THE FIRST CANZONE.*

[Deprived by the death of Laura of happiness and of
hope, the poet drags on life only that he may cele-
brate her name.]What course remains? Thy counsel, Love,
impart.Time, time that I were dust!
And I have lingered long, too long in tears.
My love is gone, with whom is gone my
heart,And whom to o'ertake, I must
Stay the dark stream of these malignant
years.Since now no hope appears
To see her more it irks my soul to wait:
Since all my joyous state
By her departure into tears is changed;
Since all its dearest zest is now from life
estranged.

Thou feelest, Love, my bitter cause of grief:

I call thee by that token,
And know that to *thy* heart *my* woe will
reach;Rather, *our* woe; for both upon one reef
Our bark of hope have broken,
And the same moment hid the sun from each.What studious waste of speech
Can sum the misery of my 'mbittered state?Oh world! oh world ingrate!
Thou should'st lament with me, with me
repine,To have lost in her the treasure that was
thine!

Fallen is thy glory; and thou dost not know:

Thou wast not worthy, Earth,
Whilst here she dwelt, such knowledge *should*
be given,Nor that o'er thee her saintly steps should go:
So perfect was her worth,They needed her sweet state to adorn the
heaven.

But I (now she is riven

Away, who nor myself, nor *being*, prize)

Call on her with vain sighs.

No more than this of all my hope remains!

This, only this, that now my withered heart
maintains!Ah me! the earth o'er those sweet features
closes,That gave us easy faith
In heaven, and joys foretold beyond the tomb.Her viewless form in paradise reposes,
Loosed from that veil, by death,Which overshadowed here her life's young
bloom;Which yet she *shall* resume,
Thenceforth for ever and for aye to wear,When even so much more fair
And rich we shall behold her, as is less
Than *everlasting*—*mortal* loveliness.Oh, with still more of grace and sweetness
rife,She comes to me, as knowing
Where her sweet looks will please the most
completely;This is *one* pillar that supports my life;The *other*—her name flowing
For ever in my heart so still and sweetly.But memory comes back fleetly
That that dear hope, which, whilst on earth
she stayed,Had root, is now decayed:
And well knows Love how works this thought
in me,And she, I hope, now near the throne of
truth, can see.

Maidens, who could her loveliness admire,

And her angelic life,
Whilst with celestial steps she trod earth's clay;'Tis *I* your pity, *I* your tears require;*I* who am left in strife,
Not *she*, who to sweet peace hath found her
way.Though *others* bid me stay
When I would seek the path where she hath
gone,The voice of Love alone
Restrains me, that the bond I do not part;
But thus, with *suasive* tone, *he* whispers in
my heart.

"Bridle this grief that flies from reason's shore,*

* The translation preserves the original form of
verse, except in the introduction of Alexandrines at
the conclusion of some of the stanzas.* This stanza, it should be observed, is a direct
response of Love to the question addressed to him in
the first line of the Canzone:

"Che debb'io far?"

"Pon freno al gran dolor che ti transporta."

For by such mad turmoil
You lose that heaven to which your heart
aspires;

Where now she lives, who *seems* to live no
more;

And o'er her earthly spoil
Smiles with herself, and but for thee suspires.
And her high fame that fires

So many a breast, won by thy melody,

—Pray that it may not die:

Still in thy verse let that sweet name appear,
If ever to thy heart her eyes were soft and
dear.

Fly, fly the calm, the green!

Go not my song where laughter's thrill is
heard,

But where the tear is poured:

'Tis not for thee 'mongst joyous crowds to go,
A woeful widow wrapped in weeds of woe.

Deeds of Darkness.

A SWEEPING OF A BYGONE AGE.

It was what can be called nothing else but a nasty afternoon about the middle of December. The rain was driving down in fine misty showers, and the pavements were muddy, clammy, and greasy for the footsteps of the passengers. In those days of which we write, the cry of "sweep" had not been abolished. The long drawling scream might be heard echoing from one street to another, and black little boys were not afraid of disturbing the slumbers or business of any man. But now, alas, a change has come over the spirit of our dream.

"No more shall the sweeps of London sing
The lay of a happier time,
Nor cry, 'Sweep Oh' with a lively voice,
Or up the chimney climb."

The promoters of civilisation have insisted that one of its first elements is quietness, and, therefore, are the cries of London to be abolished. But our story tells of a better time, of a time when early with the lark the rich sound of the sweep's voice came borne along the breeze, waking us from delicious slumber, and reminding us that the business of the day had actually commenced. But this was before the new order of things had dawned over the chimneys of the benighted metropolis.

As we have said, however, it was a wet afternoon. Passengers thronged up and down Tottenham-court-road, jostling man against man, poking their umbrellas in each other's faces, occasionally knocking

one another down, and never asking pardon. Women, some with long seedy cloaks and very broad collars, with baskets, the thin end of a carrot, or a sheep's head and neck peeping out, might be seen trudging along with a cotton umbrella, which had evidently seen better days; others with little children in their arms, with dirty faces of course, showing out from under a protecting shawl, as if it was very tight round the head, and made them feel slightly uncomfortable, hurried on; then half-a-dozen men or so, needy seedy clerks, shopboys with parcels, people going on business somewhere or other, came jostling to and fro, avoiding the women and children by a dexterous manœuvre of the shoulder, all engaged, and too anxious to avoid the rain to pay much attention to the long string of stalls, with various commodities lining the pavement. But there sat their owners, old women wrapped in tatters, crouching underneath an umbrella to ward off the rain and keep themselves warm; young women looking gloomy and dejected at the prospect of the dismal night; and men sullen and silent, their hands thrust in their pockets, shifting about from one leg to another to keep the vital fluid at work, and occasionally muttering out, "fine oranges," "fine oranges." Mingling among the crowd, and distinguished from the rest by their black apparel, as the long line of lamps now threw their slanting beams upon them, were three sweeps of various ages trudging along silently, with heavy bags of soot on their shoulders, on which the rain settled as it fell and made it glisten again. A little diminutive fellow, also of the sweep tribe, followed after at some distance; they were wet and uncomfortable, and looked as if they had done a hard day's work. The first was a tallish slip of a fellow, about twenty years of age, with a very remarkable twist in the side lock of hair, which gracefully threw itself slanting-ways across his face. He wasn't a bad looking chap neither, but of course the dark covering of soot streaked with rain imparted anything but a bewitching aspect to his face. The smallest of the four sweeps lagged a little behind; he seemingly more tired because younger, and less capable of supporting his body on his legs.

"Now mind vat I says," said Jim, the eldest, as they halted beneath the projecting eaves of a shop at the corner of one of those dark alleys with which this great metropolis is intersected; "ven ve gets home show no extrar impatience to swallow down our grub this night—cos if we do master 'll be like to suspect we're up to summit. Does you hear me, Ned?"

"Yees."

"But arn't you going to get them things, Jim?" said another sweep, wiping off as he

spoke a handful of rain from his face with his sooty sleeve.

"Vy, in course I ham, but there's one difficulty stands in my way—how the dickins is I to get them in our room?"

"There arn't much difficulty in settling that ore business," said Ned, "just set down these precious bags of soot, and I'll empty mine half into you'r'n, and ve'll take a pocket handkerchief and rop 'em round the things and poke 'em into the middle of my soot."

"Capital! ain't it, Jim?" said a broad-faced little chap, named Bill, with twinkling eyes, and short snub nose.

"Aye, that'll do; but whose got a clout about 'em?"

"It ain't me," cried Bill, "for I don't never carry 'em."

"That we all knows, but never mind," said Jim, "arn't you got un, Smith?"

The personage addressed by this cognomen was a long narrow-faced little chap, about seven years old, who hadn't hitherto given utterance to a single observation, and who, to sum up his appearance in a word, looked as if he couldn't help it. He slowly put his hand into his pocket and felt there, but his search appeared to be unavailing in that quarter, so he thrust it next into his breast, and drew therefrom a rag, but so twisted, knotted, stained, sooty and begrimed that the companions looked at each other in despair.

"That'll never do," said Jim, with a sigh, "I shouldn't like to dirt it. I'll tell you what it is," continued he, after a moment's pause, "I'll take off my cap, its quit clean, and wee'l put the soap and sodar at the bottom, and then the eatables wee'l poke at the top, 'cos we can axe whoever serves us for a bit of hextrar paper."

"But there's the candles and matches," remarked Ned.

"Shove 'em in Smith's bosom," said Bill. "He never moves you know, so there's no danger, you don't want much candle."

"No, a penny taller 'ill do, and wee'l stick it in the bottle as stands in the chimney."

"But you've forgot the blacking."

"Get a bottle of Varrrens," suggested Bill.

"No, no," said Jim, with a melancholy shake of the head, "I must put up with a penny paste, I can't stand any higher, 'cos I shan't vant to clean my shoes after to-morrow."

"Vell, my notion is you'd better be off, Ned, and get vat ve vants," remarked Bill, "vile ve stays here to wait for you."

"Yes, run quick," said Jim, "and if you fall down don't stop to pick yourself up. Mind vot you's got to get—blackening—cheese, soap, sodar, candles, bread, no butter, Bill, eh?"

"Yes, yes, have some butter."

"Vell, blacking, cheese, soap, candle, bread, butter, hale, two bottles, lucifers, and that's all."

"You forgot the sodar, Jim."

"No, I said that."

"Vell, I knows vats vat, so here goes," said Ned, running off as fast as his legs could carry him down the street. To wile away the time between Ned's departure and return, the three sweeps busied themselves in passing the contents of one bag into another with their hands, and making space for the provender. But they completed their task long ere Ned returned, and were beginning to grow impatient when they perceived him edging his way a long way off, through a crowd, darting beneath people's arms, holding the articles he had purchased snug against his breast.

Jim ran to meet him, and partially to unload him.

"Mind you don't let nuffin fall," said Ned.

"Not I," answered Jim, with much confidence; but alas! the eagerness with which he seized the things caused him to precipitate the small packets of butter into the muddy street.

"Lor, Jim, what hever did you do that for?" ejaculated Bill.

"Never mind, it'll rub out when it's dry," answered Jim, taking up the dirty butter and scraping off the mud with his sooty fingers.

"You'll only make it worsar," said Ned, "vy it's quite black as soot now with your hands, it's no use."

"Yes it is," said Bill, "we'll rub it on Jim's air, the outside I mean; when the dirt is scraped off it'll be very good."

"There's one thing wanting now," said Jim, as he assisted in disposing of the treasures within the place allotted to them.

"Vat's that?" asked Ned.

"Mind vat you're at with them bottles, Jim," said Bill.

"But how is we to light a fire without wood, I should just like to know, eh?"

"Vell I vonder I forgot that," said Ned.

"There's a place over there; you put in them things. Smith, stretch out your hands—hold 'em tight—I'll be back in a minute."

Away went Ned, and by the time he had returned, the packing of the things was completed.

"Now the sooner we gets in the better," said Ned; "master ain't over fond of waiting."

"I'm so cold," said little Smith, shaking off the wet from his tiny black arms, "and so sleepy."

"Vell," said Ned, "I tell you what it is. You, Jim, just pitch them two bags on your shoulder, and Bill, you hand that ere little wretch on my back, and then we'll soon be home."

"I don't know as I can carry 'em," said Jim. "I'll try."

"Yes you can," answered Ned. "Now, Smith, up with you—there, put your arms round my neck, just so—now, Bill, what are you viping up the mud with my cap for? give it here."

"Smith knocked it off getting up," said Bill, shaking the cap.

"Vel, it don't much signify," said Ned.

This arrangement being completed, the four companions set out towards home with a lighter foot. Poor Smith soon laid his wet and sooty little cheek on Ned's head, and aided by the jog trot motion of the bearer fell asleep. But these accidents exerted no material influence upon the spirit of the boys—they forgot their wet backs, dripping hair, and cold, in the anticipation of what the night was to bring them. Poor souls, they looked forward with as much enjoyment to their bread and ale, taken together, as the greatest epicure in pleasure ever did to the most brilliant entertainment. At length, after proceeding for some time through streets and alleys, they came to a dark lane, in which the houses seemed inclined to make very intimate acquaintance with one another, and evidently wished to make a connexion with the house over the way. There was no pavement to be seen. Nothing but mud below and dingy habitations rising aloft, with various decorations in the shape of broken windows, some patched with paper, others stuffed with rags. From these loopholes now and then a faint ray of light streamed through the descending rain and fell upon the houses beyond. Before one of these dwellings—above the door of which was a large board, announcing that it was the residence of "Mr. Early, chimney sweeper. Orders obeyed with punctuality and despatch—" the sweeps came to a halt. So Ned gently shook Smith, and set him down, and poked him under his arms, and blew in his face to wake him up, and told him not to walk in asleep, which at last roused up the little sweep, and then Bill handed him his sack, and Jim knocked at the door, and cried—

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"We have been busy to-day, master, that's all," said Ned, doggedly.

"Come in; are you going to sleep out there all night?" said Mr. Early, addressing Smith and Jim, who lingered, lest in passing his master he should shake the bag and rattle the bottles. This danger was

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"Mind, Smith, you don't say nuffin."

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The order was obeyed with alacrity. Jim was told to go first, and after a little delay, up they came.

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In they walked into the apartment, where Mrs. Early was seen standing up against the fire-place in all the pride of a broad, flushed face, large cap, with a very wide border, tremendous bust, and nondescript apparel. She was the presiding deity of the place, but not the only living being. In a corner was a cradle, with a baby, on a chair was a grey cat, and Mr. Early, pipe in hand, occupied one side of the fire. At one end of the room was a sort of thing resembling a dark pile of rags, which constituted the bed. On a chest of drawers were piled old bonnets, hats, caps, shawls, aprons, dusters, &c., in rich profusion. Across the room, from side to side, stretched a line, on which many a garment was suspended in a half dry state. Over the fire hung various cooking utensils, and on the mantelpiece was huddled a medley of candlesticks, cups, broken saucers, candle ends, jugs, a pewter pot, thimbles, bits of rag, thread, with money, &c. A gridiron had just been clapped on the fire, on which had just also been placed two Yarmouth bloaters—not herrings. On a round table, in the middle of the room, stood four wooden bowls, filled with a kind of porridge, by the side of each stood a piece of bread, laid bare on the table. Jim, Bill, and Ned exchanged glances of disgust, but sat down, nevertheless, while Smith was pouring down the gruel, still half asleep.

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"You great stupid," shouted his master, snatching the candle off the table, and stooping down to light it at the fire. While he was thus engaged, a hurried clattering of spoons and bowls was heard, and when darkness had disappeared, it was found that the bowls had disappeared also, with all the young chimney sweeps, with the exception of Jim, who was waiting for the candlestick in the passage.

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When Jim had completed his task, he motioned them all to creep quietly into the other room, which they did on tip-toe, while he himself crossed the passage in the opposite direction, and softly opened the door of the coal-hole, without so much as drawing his breath, for fear of being heard: he slowly deposited several knobs, along with a quantity of small coal, into his lap, and then closing the door with his foot, retreated as softly as he came. Lap, we say, because Jim boasted a sort of long black over-all, which descended like a pinafore to his knees. The room he now entered scarcely deserved the name of one. It looked wretched and comfortless: no vestige of furniture, except one stool, met the eye; the walls were bare, the fireplace empty, while the floor was strewn with straw, evidently the only accommodation in the way of bed which Mr. Early allowed his apprentices. The coverings were old soot bags.

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Mr. Early was heard descending the stairs, extorting from each step a loud creaking noise.

"That's the best of it," said Ned; "we shall always know, when the old chap means to pay us a visit, 'cos of his heavy foot—"

"Hush," said Jim, "he's sniffing through the keyhole."

"I'll snore," said Bill, with a chuckle.

"No, don't," responded Ned, "in a whisper, 'he'll know that's shamming, anyhow.'"

By this time the receding steps of Mr. Early were heard retreating in the distance, and the four sweeps resolved to remain quiet until time had been allowed for the governor and his wife to go to sleep. In the meantime they carried on a whispered conversation respecting their future proceedings.

"Ven that ere old chap's asleep," said Ned, "we'll fust light the fire."

"Fust, afore that, you'd best light the candle," suggested Bill.

"In course I meant that," answered Ned, in the slightest possible degree ruffled by Bill's suggestion. "Smith—Smith—are you asleep, my boy?"

Smith didn't answer, so Ned concluded he was no longer in the land of the waking.

"Vat say you to moving now, Ned?" asked Jim.

"Stop a bit," replied Ned; "don't let us kick up any row till we're sure."

"Let's wait a little longer, then," continued Jim.

A "little longer," consisted in several seconds, employed in listening attentively by Ned, and in kicking about the straw by Bill, who at last starting up, cried—

"Vat's the use of waiting any more—let's light the candle."

"Vell," said Ned, "mind what you're about. Jim's lying on the candle, and the matches be houtside. Let me find 'em—you keep quiet."

Ned now sedulously set to work to find the things, and put all to rights, as he said—

"Now I do hope that Jim ain't smashed that ere butter up along with the taller; it feels precious greasy down here. I put the firewood up strait, 'cos he shouldn't touch 'em. Come, Jim, turn round—here's the blacking—and here's the candle. Now for it: here goes."

So Ned scrambled out of bed, and soon found the lucifers. Very little time sufficed to procure a light, and then a consultation was held, as to what was the next thing to be done.

"We must have some water, in course," said Bill.

"Course he can't vash himself if he ain't got vater," answered Ned; "but I tell you

vat it is—you, Jim, must hold a light; you Bill, come wid me and snatch up that old thing of a pot out of the other place, 'cos he can't vash in cold vater, and I'll just carry the bowl and pump the water."

"Here's the bottle for the candle," said Bill, "stick it in."

"Mind you don't let it fall, Jim," said Ned, "'cos you know vat a precious row that 'ull make. Now, Bill, don't laugh—'cos vy?"

The handle of the door was now turned with great precision, as though spectres had been at work, and then Ned poked his head out, and listened. All was still above, but on the stairs gleamed two green eyes through the darkness.

"That's the old un," said Bill, from behind.

"Hold yer tongue; it's the cat."

Puss now raised her tail, and gave a plaintive mew.

"You hussy," said Ned; "I'll strangle you, if you says a word more."

Another step was taken; Jim advanced with the light, Bill stood tiptoe, with his finger on the side of his nose.

"Now for it," said Ned, and they strided over the dark passage, and were once more in the dreary back kitchen. Bill seized his treasure. Jim stood at the door with a light, and Ned cautiously began raising the handle of the crazy old pump, which gave a horrid groan, that went echoing through the sepulchral looking place with a dismal sound.

"I wish I could only jist knock this here pump down," muttered Ned, "kicking up such a precious row, 'cos I axed him for a drop of vater. A pretty pickle we shall be in, shan't we, if he refuses to do the civil thing. There comes a drop; now be quiet, there's a good chap."

These consoling expressions appeared not to be without their weight with the pump, for he immediately yielded up some of his treasure, and the pot being filled, Ned instantly clapped the bowl on his head, and carried in his acquisition triumphantly.

But woe is me! Scarcely had they reached the interior of the apartment, if such we may call it, when Jim, hastening to place the candle on the mantelpiece, let the bottle fall with a tremendous crash upon the floor. It was with diffe consternation that the poor sweeps listened to each echo, as it went steadily up the stairs, until they felt sure it must have reached Mr. Early's ears, even though he had been sleeping as sound as a rock.

"Here's a pretty go," said Bill, standing with his eyes wide open.

"That won't mend it," said Ned.

"Vat shall we do with the candle now?" exclaimed Jim.

"Wake up Smith, and let'in hold it," remarked Bill.

"You does it on purpose, just to tease me, Bill," said Ned; "I tell you vat we'll do; just give it me; drop a little grease on the mantelshelf, and then stick the candle in it. There now, that u'll make a famous one."

And Ned succeeded at last in fixing the candle as he desired, but scarcely had he done so and finished smiling at his own contrivance, when they heard a sound up stairs which made them creep again with horror.

"Hist! here he comes," said Ned.

"Vathever will 'come of us?" muttered Bill.

"It's him," said Jim.

"Come quick into bed in a moment, and fast asleep," and out went the light, and in they were again into the straw in a moment, trembling lest he should enter with a lighted candle and discover the pot, bowl, &c., which they had not time to remove out of sight. Down he came, treading with all his weight on every step, while at every sound the hearts of the sweeps beat faster and faster. At last he reached the bottom, and opening the door, threw in the light, and listened carefully. The loud breathing of Smith, in his first deep slumber, threw Mr. Early completely off the scent, and satisfied him that there was nothing doing there.

"Hang it; it's the cat, I suppose," muttered Mr. Early, as he went out and closed the door after him.

"The old fool," whispered Ned; "I'll be bound he'll lie awake the whole night after this."

"It was that ere bottle that voke him," said Bill.

"Course it was; but nobody could help that; haccidents vill happen."

"It's my notion that we're precious unlucky this here night," said Jim. "We shall have to wait a long time afore he's asleep agin; he's shut his door, and now he's telling his missis she's a fool, I dare say."

A long time passed ere our young gentlemen ventured to stir again, but at last, taking courage, Ned sprang to his feet, and vowed he would light the fire, which, after some trouble, he did. The sight of this seemed to inspire them all with vigour. Bill got up lazily, and Jim sat on the stool to watch its progress. It soon diffused a cheerful warmth through the room, and Ned proposed to his elder that he should commence operations by "peeling," and giving himself a good wash.

"There's a clean shirt, a white pocket handkerchief, and a neckcloth, in that box," said Jim; "my best coat and trowsers is at the bottom. The shirt will want hairing, I dare say."

"I'll hold it," said Bill, who liked that occupation the best which required the least movement, and placed him also nearest the fire.

Ned drew forth the articles, and laid each carefully on the straw, while Jim prepared to clean himself. But here we must pause a moment, to give the reader a little insight into Mr. Jim Jones's intentions. On the morrow he became of age, and though the term of his apprenticeship had not expired, he thought it quite right to take leave of his master, as he had been given to understand by a friend that he could legally do so. To-morrow, too, he was going to be married to the daughter of a greengrocer, whose only parent, a savage stepfather, was very much in the dark concerning the scheme. He intended to set himself up in business in the same line (that is greengrocery), and the girl's savings and his own were to be appropriated to buy stock. But Mr. Early dreamt not even that his head apprenticeship was about to leave him; he had, while he had been with him, treated him scandalously, and, therefore, Mr. Jim thought himself partially justified in playing him a trick in return.

"Hand me the soap, Bill; put the towel ready, I shan't be long."

While Ned was busy brushing up the coat and trowsers, Jim continued his ablutions, and while his face was dripping with soap suds and water, he groped about for a towel; taking something up off the straw, he proceeded to rub his face with it, when Ned, turning round, discovered that, instead of the towel, he was scrubbing away with one of the old soot bags.

"Oh, crikey!" cried he, holding up a bit of broken glass, "just look into this, what a fright you've made of yourself. Bill, look at him; he's put on precious more dirt than he's rubbed off."

Poor Jim glanced at his face, and discovered that it was but too true; he had begrimed his visage most awfully with soot.

"Vash again, but be quick, 'cos you know we ain't got too much time, and don't make no more mistakes. There's the towel on the floor. I must go and get the brush ready to do your air."

Ned, the director of everything, was a most active little chap; nothing would go right unless he took part in it; but, alas, his vigilance, even now, was not sufficiently exerted, for Jim, unluckily, caught hold of the clean white pocket handkerchief with his suddy, sooty hands, and had half wiped his face, when Ned again looking round, shouted out—

"Good evens, Jim, what a fool yer are, you're spoilt your kerchief. Oh, my eye, Bill, vy didn't you look arter vat he vas

doing. Here's the towel," continued he, casting it round Jim's face, and scrubbing it with all his might, "how could you be such a stupid?"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! What a pity it is to make such a mess," said Jim.

"Pity; never mind," said Ned, recovering his equanimity. "I'll go and get some more vater, and vile I'm dressing, you, Bill, can vash it out, hold it to the fire to dry, and fold it up and sit on it to make it smooth."

"Vat a chap you are, you sets everything right," observed Jim.

Ned was very quick this time in getting the water, and Bill, kneeling down before the fire, prepared to scrub away.

"Your hands ain't clean," remarked Ned, "but you'd better vash 'em ven Bill's done the handkerchief."

"Yes, I s'pose I had. I'll put on my trowsers now."

"Here they are. It won't want much, Bill; just wring it tight, and hold it to the fire, but don't you hold it too near. Now, Jim, are you ready to have your air greased?"

"Yes. I must sit down though. Don't put too much butter, 'cos it don't smell over sweet, you know."

"Oh, but it 'ull look just as if it was Roland's Massaccar Hoil, you know, if I brushes it smooth."

So saying, Mr. Ned rubbed a considerable quantity of the odoriferous pomatum in Jim's hair, and then set about brushing it until it shone again. This operation completed, Jim soon finished the remainder of his toilette, and Ned, looking on him in triumph, exclaimed—

"Don't he look nice?"

Ned now placed the stool before the fire, and told Jim to sit on it, while he cleared away a few signs of the toilette, renewed the fire, drew out the bread and ale, and prepared for their supper, or rather early breakfast, for the night was far advanced. Ned crawled down the straw on all fours to take a peep at Smith, whom he had almost forgotten.

"It's almost a pity to wake him," he said, "but I dare say he won't be sorry to eat something—Smith—here Smith—wake up. Look here—look at me," he continued, half rousing the little sweep, and gently shaking him. Smith began to rub his eyes, and open first one eye and then another.

"Is it time to get up yet?" he asked.

"No, Smith, only you know Jim's going to-morrow. Ain't you hungry?"

At the mention of hunger, Smith remembered that he shouldn't be sorry to eat something, so he opened both eyes this time.

"That's right—here, come along," so saying, Ned took him up and placed him

on his feet outside the straw. Bill cast scrutinising glances towards the bread and ale; admired Jim a little, and hoped inwardly that Smith wouldn't take much longer waking up. At last all things were duly settled. Ned sat down opposite Bill, placed Smith by his side, and then prepared to dispense great hunches of bread and cheese.

Jim looked straight at the fire for a long time, and broke little bits of his bread, which he put lazily into his mouth, as if he was eating without exactly knowing it.

"Come, Jim, eat away," said Ned, encouragingly.

"I can't say, Ned, as how I feels pertickler hungry—I ate too much supper, I think."

A deep silence now prevailed. The fire sent up cheering flames, illuminating the corners of the dark chamber occasionally, and then suddenly popping down again, left them in gloom. The walls reflected back this glare somewhat unnaturally, as though they had never been used to it. On one side was scattered the straw which formed the bed; while in a half circle round the fire were assembled the four boys. Jim, of course, forming the centre of attraction, we must mention first, he sat bolt upright on the stool, his well-polished face reflecting back the glare of the fire, and his whole appearance betraying the fact that he had been recently put into clothes, which sat far less comfortably upon him than his sweep's attire. He held his bread and cheese dejectedly in his hand, and still kept his eyes turned straight before him. Ned thought he had never seen them look so bright. Bill crouched on his right hand on the floor, his knees forming pillars to support his arms, his hands being engaged in conveying by turns to his mouth pieces of bread. He looked at Ned sometimes to see how he was carrying himself during this trying scene, and perceiving that he hadn't yet manifested any emotion, thought he had better keep his own within bounds. Ned, on the opposite side, kept his eyes wide open, and his mouth distended in an unnatural grin, ate his bread in hasty sudden fits, and Smith glanced innocently from one to another, and stuffed large pieces into his mouth.

"I hopes," said Jim, kicking in a hot coal, which had just fallen from the fire, "I hope you vont all forget me now I'm going to leave."

"Lor! Jim," exclaimed Ned, with a look of horrid indignation.

"I'm going to quit the sweeping line," continued Jim, tossing Ned a smile and a nod of acknowledgment, "but that ain't no reason vy we shouldn't often meet. I shall have a house of my own, and 'cos I'm

going to be helevated as it were, you won't think I'm going to forget all of you—No. We've lived a long time together in this here Mr. Early's house, and we've been appy ven we've been out of his sight. He ain't been over kind to us, but that's no reason vy ve shouldn't be kind to one another. I'm going to leave you all now. Mind then vat I says. Listen, Smith. Don't never forget that our gov'nor is your gov'nor. If he speaks savage like to yer, don't hanser him. Do your duty—don't stay out later nor you can help, and get up ven he tells you. It ain't a happy prospeck you has before you—I knows that. But hevery man has to make a beginning. I don't mean to say that if you likes the trade you must throw it up—but you vont have to climb chimneys much longer, 'cos you'll grow too big. I made a beginning, and here I is now, going to leave the line and set up on my own account. Vel, now mind vat I says, and you, Ned, take care of little Smith, 'cos he ain't got no mother to be kind to him. Sundays he's lonely like, and maybe he'll feel the vant of some one. I know vat it is not to have no mother; and so, Smith, ven you ain't got no friend, you come to me, and vile I has anything I vont let you want. Come all of you—you Ned and Bill, and if you vants a friend, come to Jim Jones, he von't never be other than glad to see you."

And Jim poked away silently a tear which was winding slowly round his nose. His harangue affected the sweeps. Smith leaned his head on Jim's knee, which turned the current of Ned's thoughts immediately. He reflected only upon the consequences likely to spring from the contact of the little sooty crop of hair with Jim's indispensables, and, accordingly, gently removed it to his own shoulders.

"Let's drink Jim's health," said Bill, quietly.

This was responded to with alacrity by Ned, who gave—

"Jim's health; and may we meet again soon."

Jim shook hands with them cordially, as an answer to the compliment. Round Ned's eyes the soot appeared considerably clouded and streaked, as though some unbidden visitor, in the shape of a tear, had been wandering there. Jim now took out his white pocket handkerchief to wipe his face. Again Ned was on the alert, he started up and thrust the towel into his hand. The night had now far progressed; the bread and ale was finished, and the fire began to burn low. At length the hour stole on at which they were to recommence their labours. The thing now was to get Jim out without being perceived.

"Now," said Ned, "you, Jim, must let me go first with my sack to see it's all

right—ven ve comes home to breakfast that u'll be the time for the row. Oh! my eye, vat a towering passion he'll be in—but it don't signify. You, Jim, come next, and Bill and Smith can foller arter. Mind, Bill, you doesn't come across him. I'll clear away the fire, and all the other things."

Jim offered to assist, and rose for that purpose, but Ned insisted on making him keep the stool. They were all very quiet now. Their merriment was gone, and as the hour of parting drew near their hearts felt heavy. Little Smith stood at Jim's knee, with his little face upturned to his.

"Don't stand so near," whispered Ned, gently drawing him back.

At length the important moment came. Jim rose, took out his hat (previously well smoothed down by Ned), and giving a timid farewell glance at the old place, followed Ned noiselessly up the stairs. No danger threatened, all was quiet. Ned's heart beat quicker, as he drew back bolt after bolt in the darkness of a winter's morning, and then holding it wide open for Jim to pass, gave him one impressive command:

"Bolt!"

He shot out of the passage and hurried up the street to the corner, where he was soon joined by his companions with their bags.

"You ain't got far to go, Jim," said Ned, "but I hope she'll be ready."

"Sure to be," said Jim, "if that old feller ain't found us out."

"No fear of that, Jim, I should think," said Ned, encouragingly.

"I hope not."

A few straggling attempts at conversation were made, but somehow they didn't get on at all. They couldn't talk. They walked slow to prolong the time they were together. At last they arrived at the end of a street, and at the corner they came to a halt.

"We must say good bye now, I s'pose," said Jim, mournfully; "I wish you vas all going vith me away from that old feller. You couldn't call at Polly's aunt's by-and-bye—could you—ve shall be there?"

"No, Jim," said Ned, "ve must work hard ven ve leaves you, 'cos you know ve ain't got nuffin this here morning, and ain't even cried, sweep."

"Give us your hand, Ned, and Bill, and Smith. Good-bye—God bless you all."

And Jim started off down the street, followed by the good-byes and looks of his companions. They stood at the corner to see him safe. Soon he stopped opposite a house, turned round, waved his hat to them, and a very few minutes afterwards a young woman emerged from a door with a bundle in her hand, which she handed

to Jim, and taking his arm, they walked on to her aunt's, from whose house she was to be married. So ends the tale of the sweep's elopement with the green-grocer's daughter. Bill, Ned, and Smith went on their work, but cried "sweep" very many times less than was their wont.

SONG.

There is one who above the vain multitude
stands,
With thought on his brow and a sword in his
hand;
He is firm to a fault—yet he feels as a man;
When he wars, Mercy marches the first in
his van,
He loves not himself, he is born for the
world,
And tyrants must fear when his flag is un-
fur'd.

He owns not the coward, he owns not the
slave,
His charter is won by the blood of the
brave;
Tho' monarchs may frown, or their minions
condemn,
His soul spurns alike their oppressions and
them;
He loves not himself, he is born for the
world,
And tyrants must fear when his flag is un-
fur'd.

He weeps with affliction, he sighs with dis-
tress,
His sympathy ever is ready to bless;
He is haught to the proud, but his heart ever
bends
To the voice of his country, the cause of his
friends;
He loves not himself, he is born for the
world,
And tyrants must fear when his flag is un-
fur'd.

'Tis the patriot who strives with his whole
heart and mind
To gain for the people the rights of mankind;
Who feels that his cause is the cause of the
just,
And that baffled awhile, yet that triumph it
must—
Who loves not himself, but is born for the
world,
Whom tyrants have feared when his flag was
unfur'd.

Notes on Cambridge.

BY AN UNDERGRADUATE.

Cambridge!—what a host of reminiscences does this single word conjure up! with what varied thoughts does each individual reflect upon this name! The mother sighs at the temptations to which her darling may there be exposed—the father's bosom fills with pride, when he brings before his mind's eye the seat at which his son may be toiling, with certain but sure steps, up the hill which alone leads to the highest academical honours. And the patriot too can hardly help contemplating without very pleasurable emotions the school at which the most momentous effects are wrought upon the rising generation. The man of taste, the man of science, finds there, too, much that may instruct. Knowing the deep interest that is felt at the present day on the subject of university education, it has occurred to us that a few remarks on this all-important topic, interspersed with brief accounts of the most notable points of interest connected with Cambridge, will not be misplaced. It is not indeed our purpose to describe at length the various architectural embellishments of our Alma Mater, or to dwell too largely on the philosophical nature of the system of instruction there pursued. We wish rather to be practical than diffuse, instructive than amusing. We would invite the attention of our readers to a "Brief Account of the Government of the University," "The Subjects and Modes of University Teaching," "The Discipline and Expenses of College Life," "The Advantages to be derived from pursuing an Academical Course," and, lastly, we would venture a few opinions on some changes which would most likely tend to increase the utility of our Colleges and Halls, without being attended by the too oft direful effects of sudden and violent revolutions.

BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Cambridge may indeed be looked upon as a "literary republic," consisting of seventeen Colleges and Halls, each of which, however, within its own walls, exercises a certain degree of independent authority over its members. The senate, or house of parliament, is composed of those members who are of sufficient standing, and

who have obtained their degrees in the regular manner; it is "divided into the Regent's and non-Regent's house." Masters of arts of less than five years' standing, and doctors of less than two, compose the Regent, or upper house, or white hood house, from its members wearing their hoods lined with white silk. All the rest constitute the non-Regent, or lower house, otherwise called the black hood house, from its members wearing black silk hoods. But doctors of more than two years' standing, and the public orator of the University, may vote in either house at their pleasure. Besides the two houses, there is an executive council called the Caput, by which every measure must be approved before it can be introduced to the senate. The Caput consists of several officers of the University by virtue of their office, including the Vice-Chancellor, who, in fact, is the "First Lord of the Treasury," the Chancellorship being generally bestowed upon some distinguished personage, who makes the office rather an honorary than an active one. The High Steward (at present Lord Lyndhurst holds this office) also appoints a deputy, by whom in reality every thing pertaining to the important task of taking the trial of scholars impeached of felony within the limits of the University, is done. The peace officers are called proctors. It is their duty to attend to the discipline and behaviour of persons "in statu pupillari;" and though they are armed with the most extensive powers, it is to be feared that they have rather brought down odium upon themselves than succeeded in bringing the moral state of their troublesome customers within reasonable bounds. The proctors must be masters of arts of two years' standing, at the least; and they are elected by each College in turn. It will be almost needless to observe that this University sends two members to the Imperial Parliament, who are chosen by the collective body of the senate. In the several Colleges, there are the following orders:

1. The head, who is generally a doctor of divinity. The head of King's is styled provost; of Queen's, president; and of all the rest, masters.

2. Fellows, who are generally elected from the most distinguished of the commencing bachelors, after a very severe examination. A fellowship generally is

tenable until marriage, or till the fellow succeeds to a college living, of which there are many.

3. Noblemen graduates, doctors, bachelors in divinity, and masters in arts. The expense of these persons keeping their names on the boards differs from £3 to £6.

4. Ten-year men, who are allowed to take the degree of bachelor of divinity without having been either M.A. or B.A. They must be twenty-four when they enter, and must keep their names on the boards for ten years, during the major part of the terms of the last two of which they must reside, and perform the exercises which are required by the statutes. It is evident that this mode of taking a degree affords great and commendable facilities to those who, from various causes, have been unable to avail themselves of the advantages of an academical education at the proper age. It is true that many deserving men are thus enabled to obtain a proper position among their brethren, who would otherwise have been prevented from doing so; but it is too true that this admirable arrangement has been abused to a great extent. Men have obtained precedence over the hard-working students, whose abilities have neither warranted such advancement, and whose services to literature should rather condemn them to obscurity. Certainly some reform is here required; surely men should not be allowed to obtain a degree, without having produced abundant evidence of their deserving one. It may be observed, that our bishops are now discouraging as much as possible the practice, and that very few ten-year men are able to obtain holy orders. When a man seeks for academical honours at an age when he is unwilling to bear the wholesome restraints of discipline, he ought not to be allowed to leap over the heads of those who have grown grey in the service of their Church; he ought not to be so placed that he could in the least discourage those who are distinguishing themselves in their several professions.

5. Bachelors of civil law and physic sometimes keep their names on the boards till they become doctors; they wear the habit, and enjoy all the ordinary privileges, of masters of arts, except that of voting in the senate.

6. Bachelors of arts, who remain "in statu pupillari," in order to obtain fellowships, or to become members of the senate.

7. Fellow commoners (called at Oxford gentlemen commoners), who are generally the younger sons of the nobility, or young men of fortune, and have the privilege of dining at the fellow's tables, from whence the appellation arose.

8. Scholars, who are generally on the foundation of the respective colleges, and who enjoy various advantages; in some cases they have their commons paid for them, chambers rent free, and weekly or other allowances. Sometimes they have specific stipends only, in conformity with the conditions of their foundation. They are for the most part elected, by direct examination or otherwise, at different periods subsequent to their commencement of residence at the University, from the most promising and distinguished of the students.

9. Pensioners, who form the great body of the students, and who pay for their commons, chambers, &c., and enjoy generally no pecuniary advantages from their respective colleges.

10. Sizars are generally students of limited means. They usually have their commons free, and receive various emoluments. It is by extending the number of this class of students, we fancy, that a large class of persons would be able to reap the advantages of our Colleges. It is a known fact that there are many young men of the most brilliant talents pining in obscurity, because they have no forge at which to obtain admittance, where their latent abilities may be hammered out. It is no disgrace to be a sizar; a strict examination must be undergone, before an individual can become one. Men too who have shone as stars of no ordinary brilliancy, have thus started into life. Lord Eldon and the present primate of all England were sizars. Kirke White, the amiable Kirke White, was a sizar of St. John's; his talents there shone forth so brilliantly, that his loss was a loss deplored by every lover of talent and of virtue. The sizars at St. John's are chosen by an examination, which takes place early in the October previous to commencing residence. The subjects are—the elements of geometry, arithmetic and algebra, and a few classical authors fixed upon in the preceding January. There are nine

sizars at this college called proper sizars, on Dr. Dowman's foundation, who have their commons free, and usually hold exhibitions. They are chosen from the other sizars (after a residence of above three terms) by the master and senior fellows, preference being usually given to those who have ranked high in the classes at the general examination, and by their conduct have obtained the approbation of the College. We must now call our reader's attention to the subjects and modes of University teaching.

UNIVERSITY TEACHING.

At Oxford, the time is more exclusively devoted to the classics; and till within the last twenty years, Cambridge paid but little attention to anything but mathematics. Though this may have been a detriment to our University, yet it is better to give an almost exclusive attention to mathematical inquiries, than entirely to neglect such important instruments of instruction. For the study of mathematics must necessarily lead to the acquisition of considerable classical lore. Mathematical science exercises an important effect on philology. We are willing to concede that it is absolutely necessary to combine classical with mathematical studies, as subjects for university watching; but we are not willing to allow that the former should usurp the place of the latter. The classics, without the sister study, will only produce a taste, fastidious indeed, but superficial and arbitrary, without any distinct and developed apprehensions of analogies and reasons. However profoundly the classical authors may be studied, as examples of diction, flowing periods, and brilliant thoughts, still they only supply one occasion among many for the cultivation of the more exact operations of the mind. The study of the elementary mathematics will bring into play that class of intellectual faculties which the pursuit of elegant literature alone leaves unexercised. "Every person of mathematical cultivation," says the accomplished Whewell, in his 'Essay on University Education,' "every person of mathematical cultivation is necessarily an analyst of conditions and connexions; the analysistical power thus awakened will commonly exercise itself upon language as well as upon mathematical quantities." The study of the mathematics is the best disci-

plinian mind can by any possibility have. We think that Cambridge has of late shown that she has aroused herself; we recollect with pride that the first mathematical school of the world has produced some among the first of modern classics—her Bloomfield, her Kennedy, her Lyttleton, her Donaldson, have tended to place her almost on a par with her rival sister at Oxford; but it is not to be forgotten that it is to mathematical scholars alone that great moral revolutions are owing. At the time of Plato, the education of the Greeks had been for a long period virtually mathematical. We all know what moral effects Plato, Hipparchus, and Archimedes, worked upon society. But unfortunately Greece did not persevere in her pursuits of mathematical knowledge; the schools of philosophers resounded with systems of old and new, boastings and wranglings; long too before the northern hordes poured down their forces upon the devoted sects of what had once been brightened intellect. It was left for a Cambridge man, “a Franciscan monk of olden time,” to point to mathematics as the gate and key of science: “Harum scientiarum porta et clavis est mathematica.”—*Rog. Bacon*, Spec. Math. cap. 1.

It is thus, when we call attention to the subjects of University teaching, we call attention to the study of the mathematics; and we most earnestly recommend any young person who is about to graduate at Cambridge to obtain Goodwin’s “Course,” from which he will derive all the information he may seek respecting this branch of College reading. In the classics, we will say, in the words of an old and valued friend, “Read as many authors as possible, but above every thing make yourself master of the grammar of the Greek and Latin languages.” The mode of teaching at Cambridge is strictly practical; nothing, at the least very little, is said by the professors, which is not accompanied by such questions as may serve to keep alive the intellectual faculties, and exercise the mind, in order to accustom it to an expertness and rapidity of arranging every idea in a proper and intelligible form. We must now advance to our next head.

THE DISCIPLINE AND EXPENSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Cowper, in his *Task*, has said that discipline was fast decaying at his time:

“In colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline.

* * *

If ever it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,

That one among so many overleap’d
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.

But discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declined at length into the vale of years,
A palsy struck his arm.”

Though probably the state of colleges and halls might at that time have warranted the poet’s censorious picture, yet we are inclined to think that with regard to morals and manners their condition is better now than it was then. We believe that a student’s academical career is no longer a period of unbounded liberty from restraint and responsibility. We know from personal observation that even tempers of great levity and stubbornness, being met by the calm but severe countenance of college rules, are checked in their career of extravagant and self-willed motions. Men who are guilty of breaches of the regulations of their Colleges, are punished in various ways, by being debarred from the privilege of leaving the College gates, by having heavy impositions set them; punishments, in fact, are imposed for transgressions, so long as they can be ascribed to thoughtlessness; but the discipline of the University points continually to the door, if such transgressions be persisted in. Undoubtedly, the rules are most frequently transgressed, when parents allow their sons wherewith to spend their time at College in every fashionable and soul-destroying dissipation; and yet these generally are the persons who complain most loudly of the extravagance of Cambridge or Oxford. They have the power of remedying the evil in themselves. The actual expenses of college life are certainly much less than it has usually been stated; for we know many cases in which

young men of very limited means have been able to get their degree for £200, or at a little more than £65 per annum. We will not hesitate to say that £70 is amply sufficient for a reading man; and a man who is not determined to read, had much better get on in his dissipated course at home.

THE ADVANTAGES TO BE DERIVED FROM PURSUING AN ACADEMICAL COURSE.

We shall not scarcely be asked to admit that in our schools the rising generation may be entirely fitted for their various duties in life. If a man starts immediately into the world, leaving either a public or private school, the first few years are consumed in learning to subdue the soul to the authority "of dignities above." The prejudices of the school-boy only become more strongly developed in the man. Arrogancy and pride obtain the mastery over our youths of patrician rank, while our plebeians, if they are thrown upon the world, and "become men before they cease to be boys," too frequently bring into action those feelings of discontent which ultimately rankle into sedition and rebellion. Whereas, on the other hand, it is one of the most important and beneficial functions of an English University for the students to operate upon each other in forming the moral character. Young men, of all classes, from the highest to very low ones, are brought together, and made to feel that a common participation in a liberal education puts them, to a certain extent, on a footing of equality, and establishes an obligation of mutual respect. The peasant's son, who becomes the country clergyman, is thus elevated in feelings to the level of his office; for he is made to feel that he has an equal right to University honours; that he has trod the same path as the duke, who may have been his contemporary at College, and is his neighbour. At the University also the young Englishman receives the most decisive part of that feeling which he is acquiring during his whole education, and which it is one of the most essential offices of education to unfold—namely, the feeling that he is an *Englishman*, a knowledge of the principles by which the actions of his fellow-citizens are regulated, and by reference to which his own will be judged of, joined with a sympathy with their objects, and a

habit of balancing himself among their impulses. Likewise, at that crisis when the vigour of manly thought blends with the warmth of youthful susceptibility, engaged in the enjoyments of literature and companionship in competition with his brother collegians, men of his own age, he acquires a number of subjects of common interest, of agreeable retrospect, and of endearing recollections; and these points of union bind together the University men of the same standing by a tie which rarely loses its hold or its charm during their lives.

Another and a great advantage of our Universities is this—men are by them obliged to submit to a proper course of study. Universities and Colleges do not exist merely for the purpose of enabling men to do what they best like to do, or for the purpose of offering rewards for trials of strength in modes selected by the combatants. Their business is the general cultivation of all the best faculties of those committed to their care, and the preservation and promotion of the general culture of mankind. And we think it is an established fact, that of all the persons who derive advantage from an University education, none are more benefited than those who, with a general aptitude for learning, are prevented by the requisitions of such institutions from confining their exertions to one favoured channel. The man of mathematical genius, who is led by the demands of his College to become acquainted with Latin and Greek, becomes thus a man of liberal education, instead of being merely a powerful calculator. The elegant classical scholar who is compelled to master algebra, Euclid, and mechanics, acquires among them habits of thought and connexion of reasoning. He is thus fitted to deal with any subject with which reason is concerned, and is enabled to estimate the beauty and utility of science.

Our space will not permit us to dwell more at large on the preceding points, and we must conclude our article on Cambridge. We wish, however, to recommend one or two things to the notice of our readers, as the changes which would most likely tend to increase the usefulness of our Colleges and Halls. Extravagance must be checked, before a large class of persons will be enabled to enjoy their advantages. We think too that the number of sizarships might with great propriety be augmented.

Although Cambridge abounds with scholarships opened, in nearly every case, to every British subject, yet they require, for the most part, a previous residence in the University. We think many men may be found, whose talents would reflect honour on their professions, but who are unable even to enter their names on the College books from lack of means, much less reside the major part of one whole year. But we must warn all against supporting changes which are not the offspring of decided thought and expediency; above all, we say, that no good can be done for the future, without a proper and reverent regard for the past:

"So may our mother flourish, while the name
Of England holds its proud pre-eminence
Among the nations. In her ancient halls
And venerable cloisters be our youth
Invigorated by salubrious draughts
Of free and fervent thought; and let the
mind

Of our great country, like a mighty sea,
Be fed and freshened with perpetual streams
Of pure and virtuous wisdom, from those
springs

Gushing unceasingly."

CHARLES B.

THE YOUNG MAID, THE YOUNG FLOWER.

(Translated from Chateaubriand.)

BY HENRY KING, M.A.

The coffin sinks, with young fresh roses
crowned,

Which a sire's hands his grief's last tribute
shower:

Earth! from thee born, in thee their tomb
have found,

The young maid, the young flower!

Restore them never to this world of ill!

Where grief, and anguish, and misfortune,
lower,

Where rude winds break, and hot suns scorch
and kill,

The young maid, the young flower.

Thou sleep'st, sweet girl, so young! so innocent!

Spared from the heat of noon's oppressive
hour,

Their bright brief morning both alike have
spent,

The young maid, the young flower.

But o'er these ashes bends thy sire forlorn,
His furrowed brow pale blanch'd by sorrow's power.

Old oak, whose fairest bough stern Time
hath shorn,

The young maid, the young flower.

A Vision of the Night.

BY JOHN EDMUND READE.

(Author of "Italy," "Continental Impressions," &c.)

I had been reading the *Phædo* of Plato with the best energies of my mind, and I was deeply immersed in his speculations on the immortality of the soul. After many ineffectual attempts to comprehend the full intention of certain passages, I left off abruptly feeling the certainty of never mastering and placing it in a clear light; as well from my own inability to understand him, as from the theme itself being placed beyond the reach of investigation. The words of the poet* were recalled to my memory—"I feel that a contemptuous verdict on my part might argue a want of modesty, but would hardly be received by the judicious as evidence of superior penetration. Therefore utterly baffled in all my attempts to understand the ignorance of Plato, I conclude myself ignorant of his understanding." I averted my lamp from the book, and leaned back in the chair to repose myself, and to review again, and pass calmly before my judgment, the chain of reasoning which I had been wandering through. Like all arguments drawn *a priori*, they appeared vague and unsatisfactory. "If," said I, mentally, "if the hopes and yearnings of man towards a future life which have been cherished by him through all ages, and by all nations, should have been given him as the preludes and the presciences of future certainty, and purposely rendered vague and undefined to excite his imagination, always active without gratifying it, yet still inspiring him with sufficient hope to stimulate and keep alive his exertions. If our ideas which we so painfully generate and cultivate with so much care and perseverance, whose fruit at last is but ashes, should prove hereafter, though here we were forbidden to unfold them,

* Hidden seed,

To spring forth glorious to eternity
At the everlasting harvest!" †

All was quiet, for it was past midnight, and the hour for meditation, but I felt myself fatigued, and my eyes were heavy. My recollection faded by degrees and became confused, and my perceptions dim and indistinct. I made an ineffectual effort to rouse myself, but nature prevailed, and yielding to her influence, I sunk into a profound slumber.

I thought I stood on a waste shore by the brink of what appeared to be an illi-

* Coleridge.

† The Second Maiden's Tragedy.

mitable ocean. I should rather say the phantasm of an ocean, for it was dim and waveless, soundless, and motionless. The sky above was reflected on it a clear dark obscure, without a star or cloud, or vapour: such a sky as we see on earth when night slowly fades away before the morning, or when twilight is deepening into night. The scene was solemn and most impressive; the utter boundlessness and solitude of the scene impressed on the mind the hopelessness of ever comprehending it, and the stillness, and the mystery, weighed on the heart an oppression which it strove to shake off in vain. It was then, while withdrawing my eyes that ached with straining into the distance, and when my attention became less absorbed, which, hitherto, with all the faculties of my being had been swallowed up, as it were, and lost in the immensity before me; that I was aware of a stirring—a passing on—a march, as of innumerable multitudes towards the place where I stood. I turned round, as far as the eye could reach appeared stretched out a level and a sandy desert, covered with a sunless host of living or spiritual beings, thickening and gathering like locusts in all directions along the clear edge of the horizon, and trooping down in solemn order to the shore. The sound of their moving, and the rustling of their robes, for all were clothed in the grey habiliments of the grave, was like the sound of thunder heard far off, or like the autumn leaves sighing to the breeze through the boughs of some ancient forest! All were silent, and appeared wholly abstracted from everything passing round them. There seemed to be no kindred, no recollection, no tie of humanity, binding and drawing them towards each other; each kept his head bent towards the ground, and his hands crossed over his breast, as if wrapt in absorbing meditation, though they moved on a multitude in "numbers without number," each seemed to be as unconscious of the others' presence, as if alone in a solitude where no foot had trodden.

From gazing along the horizon, I turned to the place near where I stood, the brink of an extreme promontory, where the foremost columns were already denser together as if waiting to pass over that abyss of waters. Many raised their heads and looked into the distance as if in anxious hope, but I could not distinguish their countenances; by far the greater number stood immovable, and seemed to have been impelled thither against their will, by a power and volition not their own. I thought I could perceive an inward shuddering through their frames, but this might have been fancy, for all gesture and sign of earthly passion seemed extinguished

in them. I looked into the distance and beheld the approaching object of their hopes and fears. It was a bark, which, under the shadow of a vast spread sail, was close upon the shore; but it was strange that when I had looked, at what appeared to me only an instant before, the horizon and the deep were without a speck, far or near. One shadowy solitary figure was seated at the helm as steersman; it was the phantasm of an aged man, of one, whom I felt had existed from eternity. His grey, shaggy eye-brows hung like pent-houses over his eyes, half hiding the deep furrows of his cheeks, and his broad leaden forehead was bent downwards as if absorbed in profound reverie. As the spirits of the dead thronged by myriads into the bark, for it was of vast dimensions, he heeded them not; it was crowded instantly, but still his hand withheld the rudder as if some one was waited for or expected. I felt impelled forward by an irresistible impulse; my mind was wrought up to a pitch of intensity that rendered it forgetful and insensible to fears; I broke through the multitude, which yielded like mist before me, and stepped into the bark. I turned round and looked back for the shore—but it was gone; and yet it appeared as if we had been motionless, and that the bark was fixed like a rock upon the waters. It was that I measured time by the ideas within me, by the changing sensation of my own earthly being in a world where time and life were not. I then considered the crowds around me; but still there was no feeling or sympathy between them; each was wrapt in his own reverie, the hands of all were clasped across their breasts, and their brows bowed down immovably towards the ground. It was strange, that though among such an awful assemblage, I felt no shuddering, no wavering of purpose; but I was in a dream, and all the ties to life and earth were forgotten, for consciousness and memory were for awhile suspended within me. The most intense hope and desire were awakened, and they only could have preserved me from being chilled and petrified at the situation I was in; the comates round me—my own unprepared state—and the fearful uncertainty of the coming issue.

But so it was. I was unconscious that I had not passed through, or had escaped the gates of death, that I was a breathing being among the breathless; a creature of clay where all were spiritual. The idea absorbing and overwhelming all others in me was, "At length the great mystery will be unfolded, I shall behold the shores of eternity, I shall look into Heaven, perhaps upon the everlasting face of God!" The reflection made me tremble, but not with fear—no, it was with the excitement of a

mind, wrought up by a state of thrilling suspense almost to frenzy, and each instant concentrating its faculties more and more towards the unknown thing which was about to be revealed. But this state of feeling could not endure; the energies wound up to their utmost tension without being acted on, insensibly relaxed; a general pressure succeeded, and they sunk down torpid and heavy, and in the total revulsion which followed, their depression was greater than had been their former elevation.

At length, far athwart the line of the horizon, as far as the eye could reach, appeared the outskirts of a splendour, such as (to compare things of light with darkness) our setting sun leaves in its last track behind the ocean. It extended every way, opening and darting round each moment rays of intense glory. I turned round triumphantly to my comrades—and how different was their expression from my own—but even this failed to awaken me. Their foreheads were raised, disclosing features pale and wan but of heavenly beauty, though as cold and fixed as graven marble. They seemed at that moment commencing their immortality; their countenances softened into grace, and purity, and holiness, the reflection of that light on their brows was life acting on them and in them, for the breathing of life came now from their opening lips. Their eyes were gradually lighted up with a mild lambent flame, expressing in some entire faith and love, in others a trembling hope and fear, and in others a feeling of softened joy, as if all their earthly trials and oppressions were now passed, they knew that they were approaching the home they had merited, the haven where they would be.

But they already swam before my sight, for I was overpowered by a lethargy which I strove against in vain. My head drooped, my eyes closed, for I could keep them open no longer, and I sunk back exhausted against the side of the bark. God was the last thought in my heart—can I slumber in such an hour? let me waken now, or sleep for ever! I had scarcely formed the wish when a sound burst forth through space to rouse at once the quick and the dead to the very ends of the creation. It was like the blast of a trumpet, but sound so long, so wild and piercing ear never heard nor thought conceived. I felt that there was triumph, and avengement, and mercy, and justice expressed in its tone; my soul was blank and astounded, and my senses reeled as from the stroke of a thunderbolt. Instantly all the past and present flashed like lightning across my brain. I knew where I was, I felt whither I was going. All the dark thoughts, and hidden

deeds—all that I had ever done, felt, designed, inflicted, and endured, lived before my eye; and I wished for mountains to cover me, for oceans to overwhelm me. I prayed to be annihilated at once, to be crumbled into atoms, but not to be judged. I could not endure the test of judgment, I could not endure that purity should look on impurity, that sunless myriads in their brightness should turn away from a creature so inferior to themselves; even the fear of utter condemnation was forgotten in this, for I felt that I had only acted up to the decrees of a more material nature. I preferred sinking into nothingness at once, or even to endure torture rather than to be raised to an instant's comparison with them, and thus to avoid being humbled in seeing and feeling my own measureless inferiority. Unknowing what I did, I threw myself down into the hollow of the bark for shelter; but the rending blast still continued; its sides vibrated to the sound like an aspen leaf, and at length, like a shrivelled scroll, parted asunder! I clung wildly to the fragment I yet held, but it sunk with my weight. I felt the waters gurgling round my head—stifling—and rushing in upon my soul! But even in that strife of agony, while suspended between life and death, I became intensely sensible of what was passing above. I was aware that the peal had suddenly ceased, and that there was a pause. Then I heard rise, like a chorus, deep impassionate voices, as of earthly women, fond, devoted, imploring women, pleading, even in heaven, more for our failings than their own. It swelled upwards like the *Recordare*, in notes low and chastened, and beseeching to be forgiven.

There was another awful pause: I dared not draw my breath: and while I stifled it in those seconds, which were ages of agony, I heard the pulses of my heart. Then came a rushing sound as of pent-up whirlwinds let loose; as if all the stars and powers of heaven were shaken, and innumerable hosts of living beings were swept away to bliss or bale—to everlasting joy or misery—to heaven, to annihilation, or to hell. The whole horizon, down even to the depths where I lay, was wrapt as if in one sheet of living flame. But all was still: I heard no sound—no voice of wailing—no vain lament. I struggled with desperation to rise; I emerged—and saw! I uttered a cry of terror—and in that last effort of mortal agony, I awoke.

THE BATTLE OF SEMINARA.*

It was the stout d'Aubigny
 Who led the French to fight,
 When Ferdinand of Naples
 Contended for his right,
 The best of all the captains
 Who laid in rest his lance,
 For the honour of the fleur de lys,
 And the eighth Charles of France.

For the seignory of Naples,
 And all her pleasant lands,
 By his too haughty father †
 Late yielded to his hands,
 Hoping the young and gallant
 The people's love might gain,
 For lack of which he could not
 His royal rights maintain.

Too late, alas! The oppression
 Of that long weary day,
 By the brightest smiles of morning
 Could not be swept away:
 The o'erstretched bow, though slackened,
 Cannot resume its spring;
 The caged eagle cannot
 Employ its sturdy wing.

But now he comes from Sicily
 With mercenary bands,
 And many a friend true-hearted,
 To battle for his lands:
 O, speed him well, ye heavens,
 'Tis for his native town,
 For country and for kindred,
 For kingdom and for crown!

Hark, 'tis the tramp of thousands!
 The battle is begun:
 See how the burnished helmets
 Reflect the morning sun;
 How gallantly the war-steed
 Disdains his burden bright,
 And, snuffing the fresh breezes,
 Darts forward to the fight!

Foremost amid the battle,
 Foremost, but not alone,
 Rode Ferdinand of Naples
 Upon a milk-white roan:

Behind him, half a spear's length,
 A youthful warrior rode,
 In Milan arms, who fearlessly
 A dappled grey bestrode.

It was the young Giovanni,
 A prince of Capuan race,
 Who still was true to Ferdinand
 In danger and disgrace:
 In years of happier promise
 To be his page he came,
 Before the haughty Bourbon
 Had crushed Alfonso's fame.

But, see, the line is wavering,
 The dastard hirelings fly;
 Small stores of real courage
 In heaps of treasure lie:
 They have no wives, no children,
 In a foe-invaded land;
 They little know the feelings
 That arm the axile's hand.

In vain with frantic gestures,
 With frantic words in vain,
 Cried Ferdinand, despairing,
 "Turn, dastards, turn again!"
 Behold in broken masses
 The craven hirelings fly;
 The conquering French, pursuing,
 Are smiting hip and thigh.

The throng is past—the monarch,
 Giovanni by his side,
 Sat motionless, and sadly
 The broken squadrons eyed:
 "Alas!" said the young Capuan,
 "This is a weary day;
 But see the French returning,
 Escape while yet you may."

"Nay, on this spot I'll perish,
 I'm weary of defeat;
 Fly thou, my good Giovanni,
 Life still to thee is sweet:
 And shouldst thou e'er see Naples,
 Tell her her monarch bled
 Contending for her freedom,
 And bid her bless the dead!"

"Nay, rouse thee, noble sovran,"
 The stripling cried again:
 "If thou art saved, the efforts
 Of the French are yet in vain."

* See Roscoe's "Life of Leo X," page 139. 1 vol.
 Bohn's Standard Library.

† Alphonso, king of Naples, on the approach of the
 French army, alarmed at the disaffection of his sub-
 jects, resigned his crown to his son, and himself took
 refuge at the villa of Mazara, in Sicily.

Think of the noble ladies
On Ischia's barren waste !*
Think of thy lovely Naples
In slavery disgraced !"

"Nay, cease thy vain entreaties,
'Tis fated I should die,
For even if I wished it,
My charger could not fly;
His snowy flanks defiling,
The blood in torrents flows:
I fall—to thee bequeathing
Revenge upon my foes!"

"Nay, son of great Alfonso,
Thy life is not thine own;
Not fifty such as I am
Could for thy loss atone;
What though thy horse be wounded,
Dear master, here is mine;
Refuse not, 'tis but taking
What at the first was thine!"

"And leave thee here to perish,
So gallant and so young,
Like a morsel to a pack of wolves
By a wily hunter flung?
A pretty recompense forsooth
For all thou dost deserve;
And all for what?—a spirit
Life-weary to preserve!"

So spake the noble Ferdinand,
But still the stripling urged,
And back again in masses
The tide of foemen surged;
"Mount," shouted young Giovanni,
"To Reggio fly with speed,
Where a vessel rides at anchor,
Prepared for such need.

"There is no time for dalliance;
Thou must not tarry here;
Shall it be said that Ferdinand,
O'erwhelmed by dastard fear,
Sought death as a deliverer,
Succumbed to heavy woes,
Betraying friends and country
To their unpying foes?"

While yet the youth was striving
The monarch to constrain,

The wounded steed rolled headlong
Upon the gory plain;
Like a horse of breed and mettle,
He had borne him to the last,
Though his blood in streams was flowing,
And his life was ebbing fast.

"See," said the young Giovanni,
" 'Tis willed that thou should'st fly;
Without a steed, thou canst not
As a knightly warrior die;
Some churlish hand unconscious
Shall spoil thee of thy breath,
And thou wilt be unburied,
Unhonoured in thy death."

Then heavily sighed Ferdinand,
"Boy, be it as thou wilt;
I go, and may just heaven
Absolve me of all guilt,
And kindly be my witness
That, in my weary strife,
No pang has been so bitter
As the offering of thy life."

He spoke, and, mounting quickly,
O'er the field of carnage fled,
And swift as chaff before the wind
The dappled charger fled,
With hoofs relentless trampling
The dying and the dead,
And scattering the ravens
That on the bodies fed.

Alone stood the deliverer,
Watching the coming foes;
He recks not now how quickly
The tide returning flows;
The snowy steed beside him
Hath sighed away his breath;
He stands alone, awaiting
Inevitable death.

By unknown hands he perished—
Lies in an unknown grave;
No tomb of noble sculpture
Tells of the good and brave;
But his wounded body over
Blossoms the daisied sod,
And his glorious soul is resting
In the bosom of his God!

ACLETOS.

* Ferdinand was forced to take refuge, with the ladies of his family, in the isle of Ischia.

The Miser's Will;

OR,

Lobe and Abatice.*

AN ENGLISH TALE.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAWYERS.

Mr. Richard Stuart was a young solicitor, though not a young man, and it was with peculiar satisfaction therefore that he sat in his dingy chambers awaiting with interest the result of the advertisement. His room was small and dark. On an old table, which had belonged to many predecessors, and which might without loss have served as their funeral pile, were spread a scanty array of law books, a few papers as like legal documents as possible, a sheet or two of blank bath post, which, with an antique wire whence dangled writs issued, it is probable in the year one, formed, with two chairs, the entire furniture of the apartment.

Mr. Richard Stuart, seated by his empty grate, his spectacles on nose, his prematurely bald head shining but dusty, his wrinkled, sallow, parchment face, shaming the undiscerning spirit of the age, which saw not that he was born to be an attorney, his old black coat well brushed, his pantaloons which had many years' remembrance of the person they covered, his left leg thrown over his right knee, while his eyes were anxiously directed towards the door, might himself have been taken for one of the fixtures by any one who had peered upon him in that grey light which made its way, through antique layers of dust, diversified by silvery lace-like rays which fell across the floor, after passing athwart many an ancient cobweb that adorned the summit of the window.

Presently a heavy step was heard ascending, and the owner paused before Mr. Stuart's door. But so habituated was the poor little lawyer to disappointment, that he stirred not until his bell was rung somewhat violently. He then rose methodically, with however a fixed conviction on his

face that it was to be asked when Mr. Peck, his opposite neighbour, would be at home—he opened the door, and Mr. H. Smith, shabbily and meanly dressed, stood before him.

"Mr. Richard Stuart here?" he said in a voice the emotion of which he could not conceal.

"I am Mr. Stuart," replied the little attorney; "walk in."

Mr. H. Smith entered and took a chair, while the other, somewhat excited by the novelty of his position, still resumed his seat, with somewhat of a faint attempt at legal gravity and importance.

"You have some business," inquired Stuart, hesitatingly.

"I call relative to an advertisement," replied Smith.

"Oh!" said the other, drily, after a cautious examination of the other's face.

"You wish to discover the residence of Mr. Hastings?"

"Of Mr. Henry Cartwright Hastings," repeated the lawyer.

"I should like first to know by whom this advertisement has been inserted."

"Sir!" said the little lawyer, rising and warming his back by an imaginary fire, while he was not a little proud at the opportunity given him of doing business; "you are not Mr. Hastings, and my client"—this was said proudly—"has instructed me to give no information to any other person."

"Your client is a fool," said Smith, fiercely, "and will never find any trace of Mr. Hastings without my consent."

"Good!" responded the lawyer, triumphantly, "then you know."

"I may," exclaimed Smith, who saw that he had committed himself; "then you are resolved not to answer my question."

"Most decidedly."

"Will you allow me to take down your address?" said Smith, rising.

"Certainly," replied the attorney, "happy to see you on any other business. Always at home. Here," he said, taking up the back of a letter, "on that you will see my name and number."

The apothecary methodically folded the document, and put it in his waistcoat pocket, after which he wished the other good morning.

His next visit was to the wealthy firm of Paul and Oakam, with whom he remained

* Concluded from page 296.

some time, but without obtaining the least clue to the author of the advertisements.

Furious at being thus baffled, the man of crime, the vulture of terror and doubt gnawing at his heart, walked forth into the busy streets. His mind was a chaos of wild and horrible thoughts. He saw too plainly that a key to his many villainies had been obtained, but how and by whom he could not tell.

It could not be the recluse, for he had no communication, as he thought, with the world, and so far from doubting had made a will in his favour. But then who was it sought to discover Mrs. Hastings, living in his house as Mrs. Cartwright?

It could not be Frederick Wilson, ignorant of his birth, while his cousin Eugenia was equally so. And yet he, like all over cunning men, had himself brought together those whom he wished apart.

It could not be Mrs. Hastings, for until the previous day she had never stirred out, and well he knew no suspicion existed in her suffering bosom.

Was it the Count, who, in the secret of his crimes, had thus plotted to overthrow him?

"Yes!" cried the miserable intriguer of twenty years, "all is lost through my using this dastardly agent. But no, nothing is lost. Come, come, my heart, have courage—all is yet ours, if we will."

With these words the apothecary entered a tavern, and calling for brandy, seated himself in the empty tap-room, and there he stayed for hours.

The sun passed its meridian, sank low, and its shadows played faintly on the wall, until finally it gave way to night, and there still he sat, pale, ghastly, the corroding vulture eating to his very vitals.

Men entered, talked, eat and drank, shrinking instinctively from the livid countenance of the stranger; and still he sat there, ignorant of their presence, and still more ignorant of the notice which his manner had occasioned.

Tumbler after tumbler of brandy was quaffed, as if it had been water, until the waiter hesitated to serve so shabby a person any more, and still he moved not, seeing but not caring for the man's manner.

It was dark, and the room filled, various knots congregated together, and began to enjoy themselves, casting ever and anon strange looks at the man who had been

NO. 1375.

drinking for so many hours; and still he sat there, blasting by his presence all hearty enjoyment.

At length he rose, and casting his eyes round, as if awakening from a deep sleep; he started as the clock struck nine, and paying the waiter, hurried forth into the street.

"A rum fellow that," said a cabman, shaking his head.

"Been up to no good," observed his next neighbour.

"Well! well! it's no business of ours. Tom, another pot. I'm glad he's gone—he made me cold to look at him."

CHAPTER X.

MRS. CARTWRIGHT AT HOME.

That same evening Mrs. Cartwright and Mary were alone in their chamber, to which Smith, anxious to make them look above Frederick Wilson, had removed them, under pretence of an increased annuity from the husband. They were alone, but by the apothecary's request had asked several friends to spend the evening, and were anxiously expecting them.

Mrs. Cartwright, or rather Mrs. Hastings, was dreaming of those halcyon days, when, in the zenith of her happiness and joy, she had delighted her husband by the grace and ease with which she received his guests; she was dreaming of those hours of bliss, when, by his side, with their infant girl near, they had formed glad pictures for the future, for themselves and for their babe, which had been so rich a source of visionary happiness; and as she gazed on that same babe, now a young and lovely woman, her eyes were dimmed with tears, and she knew that all her projects had fallen baseless to the ground. Poor, deserted, and weighing under a mysterious dispensation, her life had been blighted in its most hopeful hour.

And Mary, she was dreaming, but of him who, though so little known, already filled her heart. Though much in the conduct of Frederick Wilson surprised her, and though the calumnies of Smith had represented him as idle, dissolute, and a professed gambler, while she herself had seen him enter a carriage with one bear-

49

VOL. XLIX.

ing marks of being an opera-dancer, yet did she not wholly fail to his memory. There was a gush of tenderness in her soul as she murmured his name, a lingering hope that he might yet prove worthy, which spoke much for the gentle but earnest love which she bore to the poor youth, whom she had met under such peculiar circumstances.

Miss Cornelia Pointer, with Miss Marino Rhino, invited both at Smith's request, were the first arrivals. The former still dwelling, though somewhat less sanguinely, on her affection for Wilson, viewed Miss Cartwright with some little jealousy, which however the candour, as well as a kindness of manner exhibited by that young lady, speedily dispelled. Still, however, a little of feminine malice appeared in a question propounded shortly after her arrival.

"Have you seen Mr. Frederick since the evening at my house?" said she.

"No," replied Mary, blushing, but speaking gravely.

"Oh, I thought he said he had called," exclaimed Cornelia.

"He did," said Mrs. Cartwright; "but as I have heard but an indifferent character of him, I did not call my daughter in."

"Indifferent character," cried Miss Pointer, indignantly; "why there is not a more worthy or better-hearted young man in London."

"I am assured that he is a professed gambler," continued Mrs. Cartwright.

"Whoever assured it, told you a falsehood. I believe he has played cards at a cigar shop, but not since the first evening when he met Miss Cartwright, and when he was brought home very late by Mr. Smith."

"By Mr. Smith," said the mother, glancing uneasily at her blushing child.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Smith, who, with all his serious ways, is as sly as a fox. Why, he lent him money to play with."

Mrs. Cartwright, much agitated again, looked at her child, while the Count's daughter blushed confusedly—they were speaking of her father's evil genius.

"Miss Pointer," continued Mrs. Cartwright, "it is no use disguising that this young man is smitten by my daughter, and I think the poor child is not indifferent as to him; you will therefore understand my anxiety about him."

"Yes," said Miss Pointer, almost ready to choke, while the tears stood in her eyes.

"Then are you sure that he is not as bad as he has been represented?"

"Mrs. Cartwright," replied Cornelia, "Mr. Smith is a deep and deceitful man. But you are pale, you are ill?"

"No! No!" cried Mrs. Cartwright; "but you give shape to thoughts I would fain have kept down. Go on."

"And rely upon it, he would not traduce this young man without a sinister object."

"Child! child!" cried the young mother, "are my awful dreams then true?"

"Mr. Walters," said Emma, the pretty servant, opening the door, while the lively little brunette blushed rosy red.

The unfortunate poet, who was in the very last stage of misery, and who had accepted the invitation sent him by Smith, in the desperate hope of a supper, was evidently agreeably surprised at the presence of his fair friend, upon whom he had already made one or two calls with the consent of her parents. As he completed the number of the expected guests, tea was served, and the cosy little party were about to partake of the refreshing beverage, when a carriage stopped at the door, and a violent knock and ring followed.

"Who can it be?" said Mary.

"Emma is coming up," replied her mother.

The door opened.

"Madam and Miss Berly, and Mr. Maurice Herbert," said the girl.

Mrs. Cartwright rose to her feet, and stood as if petrified.

"Mrs. Hastings," cried Madam Berly.

"My dear madam," said her friend.

"Frederick and the lady of the carriage," thought Mary.

"And you are my niece," said Madam Berly, turning to Mary; "let me introduce you to two cousins, Eugenia and Maurice."

"You the child of my husband's sister," exclaimed Mrs. Cartwright, addressing him she had known as Wilson.

"Yes, madam," replied Maurice, "as I learn but just now myself."

"But what means all this?" said Mrs. Hastings, almost wildly.

"That H. Smith is a villain of the blackest die; that he has used every nefarious scheme that could be devised to ruin a

happy and united family, and that the end of his race is run."

"My God!" cried the wife; "and I have been his dupe. But my husband?"

"He is evidently near at hand," replied Madame Berly; "we have already advertised in search of him."

"He is found," exclaimed the Count's daughter, falling on her knees before them all; "my father, Mrs. Hastings, who has deeply injured you, is now in his service, and to-morrow you shall see him."

"Why not to-night?" cried the wife, with eagerness.

"My father will not return," said Miss Marino Rhino, whom Walters had raised up, "until the morning."

"My dear madam," exclaimed Maurice, who had been pouring forth his heart to Mary, "trust to us, he shall be found, and the doer of all this evil shall be punished."

"God grant it," said Mrs. Cartwright; "but now come, my friends, let me offer you some tea, and then will we all narrate our chequered fortunes."

The whole party complied; Maurice and Mary at once taking settled places one by the other, while Walter and Caroline could not but follow so excellent an example. Eugenia and Miss Pointer, left without cavaliers, entered at once into conversation; while the two elder ladies in lower tones revealed all that they knew connected with the villany of H. Smith.

"He will find me much changed, but not in heart," said, later in the evening, the tearful but hopeful wife; "but how could he leave me?"

"Rely upon it, my dear friend," replied Madame Berly, "you have been foully traduced by this black Iago."

"Yes! yes!" cried the wife, burning blushes suffusing her pale and sweet face, "of foul wrong too; but Henry, Henry, had an angel have calumniated you, I would not have doubted you."

"Be sure some proofs, false and black, have been forged."

"No! no! blind that I was, proofs of my own making. Knowing my husband's dislike to foreigners, I secretly assisted a Count, a Pole, and even saw him privately, to give him money."

"A trick, rely upon it."

"That Count was my father, employed by Mr. Smith," said Caroline, resolutely, but sadly; "he has deeply repented, and

is now aiding Mr. Hastings to punish this man."

"I forgive him," replied Mrs. Hastings; "but Smith has come home. What is the time?"

"A quarter to ten," replied Madame Berly; "but courage; keep all we know concealed until to-morrow."

A dead silence followed, for all looked upon an interview with the apothecary with horror. He came slowly up stairs; and, to their inexpressible relief, passed their door, and went towards his bedroom.

"He is discovered," exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, "and he knows it. He is ashamed to appear before us."

"I hope it is so; but now, my dear madam, we must leave it. Courage; we will be with you early in the morning, and I hope with good news."

CHAPTER XI.

THE MURDER.

About ten o'clock the same evening, the house where Smith was in the habit of visiting Mr. Hastings was wrapped in dreary and moody silence. The street, which was not a crowded thoroughfare, was abandoned to the heavy treading policeman, with now and then a stray passer by. The night was dark and tempestuous, so that the lamps gave feeble and scanty light. Not a star was visible in the frowning and murky heavens, against which the pall of London smoke smote in huge volumes, here black and heavy, and then fading away towards the horizon in brown and broken masses. The wind came chill round the corners, as if in search of a comfortable hiding-place, gusty and angry, while a dampness in the air promised speedy rain.

A man who stood concealed by the shadow of the house which we allude to, and who had been thus posted for some minutes, now emerged from his hiding-place, and after hurriedly glancing up and down the street, put a key in the lock of the yard-gate, and entered. Another key, cautiously inserted in the door which led into the back hall, admitted him to the house. Once entered, he trimmed a lamp which he bore about him, and for a mo-

ment sat down as it were to collect his thoughts.

Leaning his head on his two hands, Jenkins—for it was him—gazed vacantly at the dim light, exposing to view his ghastly countenance. The villain was hideous, under the influence of terror and avarice. Two ugly fiends were struggling at his callous heart for the mastery. There was the dream of wealth, of enjoyment, the thousand plans for fortune which visit and tempt the evil-doer; there was the coward conscience, preaching not nobly and well, but with cowering pictures of the gallows; and—for no man at such hour but sees the folly of doubting beyond—the dark night in which the future is veiled for the bad.

Jenkins hesitated. His soul, distended in its foul dwelling by the magnitude of the subject which was forced upon his contemplation, peered beyond. Without knowing why or how, the criminal dwelt with fond lingering on days gone by, where innocence covered him, and the lurid path of destruction had been never trod, and to his seered and battered heart came an indistinct and strange wish that he had never stepped aside. But then hiding the past, and rising up above all, came the idle man's hatred of work and the love of gold ill-won, and his fancy revelled in the contemplation of what gold can give, and this hateful lust—of all the most mean, unworthy, and degrading—hid from his eyes God, man, the joys of innocence, the self-denials of virtue, the peace which the bad never know, the chances of an ignominious death, and eternity itself.

Once decided, the midnight murderer acted with a caution and care fitted for a better purpose. With a calm consideration of what risks he thus avoided, he stripped himself, until he stood in his shirt and drawers, and then, barefooted, in his hands a knife and lamp, in his heart Satan and all hell itself, with quiet grey eye, his ears watchful of every sound, the Cain-struck man began his ascent of the stairs.

He knew that Mr. Hastings had retired very early to rest, to prepare for his expected excitement of the following day, when it was his intention to discover himself to his family; while his solicitors were to effect the arrest of Smith on a series of charges of a criminal character, of which the embezzlement of large sums of money

formed the principal items, but together ample to secure that worthy's travelling in one of her majesty's vessels to a remote part of the earth.

There was utter silence in the house. Not a breath, not a sound could be detected, save the persevering creaking of the stairs beneath that man's horrid footsteps, as with cat-like but vain caution he crept upwards. Nothing could hide from his ears the constant sound of the wood as it received his weight, and, despite himself, he thought of the swinging of the gallows tree.

He looked back down the stairs, and wild shapes were rising menacingly behind, while myriad eyes of fearful things glared out of the darkness upon him. The very stairs seemed to creak as never stairs had creaked before, with a dull and heavy noise, as of groaning. The man's blood coursed madly through his veins, his hand trembled, but before stood the grinning demon of avarice, pointing with crooked and skinny finger to piles of gold, to revelry, and he as head of the feast, hailed by all king amid the infamous.

He went on, all senses deadened but the thirst which parched his very vitals for the lucre, which burns up and makes arid many a green and fertile spot in the desert of the heart of man.

The chamber-door was reached, and Jenkins again paused—this time to listen. The door was wide open; nothing separated him from his victim.

Placing his lamp upon the middle of the floor, and preserving in his hand nothing but his knife, he stood up.

Again he listened, directing his eye towards the bed on which lay Mr. Hastings. The curtains were drawn, and not the faintest sound of breathing betrayed his presence.

Jenkins trembled like a leaf. The stillness was awful. The dead silence was tremendous, and the murderer's soul fearful, while to his distended nostrils came, with sickening and horrible effect, an odour of blood.

His eyes swam—he reeled—his senses seemed to forsake him, when, rousing his fast oozing courage, he approached the bed, and drew back the curtains.

Jenkins, dead to all intents and purposes for the while, his hands cold, his mouth open, his hair bristling, his knees knocking

one against the other, stood with the curtains stretched out, gazing in a state of temporary mental alienation on the terrible scene before him.

Mr. Hastings, his throat cut, lay bathed in blood upon the bed.

His face was calm and serene, as if he had died without a struggle; while a faint relic of a smile showed that his thoughts had been the happy ones suggested by his expected reunion with his family.

But he was dead, and in his hand was a razor.

The razor was, however, without a stain upon it, and had been put in the hand, it was quite clear, after death.

"Jenkins!" said a voice behind.

The villain saw at once the awfulness of his position. Innocent in deed, but guilty in thought, he was standing by the bedside of a murdered man, with every sign of his having done the deed, and he seemed to feel the very hangman's hand at his throat.

"Who speaks?" he said faintly.

"I," replied Count Marino Rhino, shaking him violently.

Jenkins turned round, and saw his late companion standing close by, armed with a brace of pistols.

"Pity! Pity! I am innocent!" he cried in the most abject terror.

"I know it," said the Count, sternly; "and what you came here for, armed with that knife, is between you and your God. I accuse you not, but mind, depart one tittle from what I shall command, and I hand you over to the police."

"Not an old friend, surely," said Jenkins, whiningly.

"Friend me not," replied the Count, with horror; "but go, dress yourself, and at once go for Dr. Wheeler next door but one."

"Is there hope?"

"None. But I wish him to at once prove this is no suicide. I will go for the police. Depart one word from what I order, and I will not spare you."

"I am quite ready; but shall not we be suspected?"

"We shall, but fear nothing; the guilty will be found."

"But if not, we are hanged."

"I tell you, Jenkins," said the Count, fiercely, "the guilty shall suffer. We

shall be kept here by the police to-night, but his lawyers will prove our being in his employ to-morrow, and I will produce the murderer. Go!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE WILL.

The party which collected at the breakfast table of Mrs. Hastings on the following morning was joyous and hopeful, for the Count's daughter had obtained from her mother the clue to the residence of the recluse, which on the return of the father she was satisfied would be cleared up.

Maurice Herbert was warmly and tenderly welcomed both by mother and daughter, the calumnies of Smith having been fully explained by his knowledge of his real name; and besides, as Mary very justly remarked, were they not cousins, and as such, were not many little things to be forgiven and excused? As for Maurice, he was proud and glad, for he read in her bright eyes many a sweet and tender promise, many a tale of love and joy.

Mrs. Hastings looked blandly on, and never, in the first fresh tide of her passionate love for her husband, had she felt emotions of gladness like those which she now experienced at the thought of again being united to the object of her first, her only earthly affection. Tears suffused her careworn cheeks, and which, rekindling hope, had imprinted already a faint shadow of returning roses.

Madam Berly and her daughter were also happy, for they had been the instruments of diffusing all this hope and promise amid the before wretched group.

"I feel a trembling anxiety," said Mrs. Hastings, "which I can hardly understand. Will my Henry be much changed? will he love me, when all is explained, as once he loved me? shall we again be happy?"

"My dear friend," replied Madam Berly, "the furnace of affliction tries the brittle ware of love; if it be good and sterling, it breaks not; if it be weak, it shivers to atoms. His was of the noble cast; the fire has purified it."

"And I," exclaimed the wife, passionately, "forgive him all; his injustice, his doubts, his credence of this Judas before me,

and never will he hear from me a word to remind him of his wrong."

She was, alas! quite right, he would never hear a word again of anything from her; but had he lived, would she have kept her vow made in all sincerity? She was a woman, and women are weak.

A loud ringing below now startled them, and a hasty summons brought the apothecary down stairs. Next minute he rushed up and burst into the room.

He was pale, and his eyes were fiercely bloodshot, but his cheeks grew crimson, as he saw the group which composed the assembled company.

"Mrs. Hastings," he cried, recovering himself by an effort, "compose yourself to be surprised. The residence of your husband is found."

"I know it," replied the lady, calmly.

"I have been anticipated!" he exclaimed, astounded at the quiet which reigned around.

"You have, by my friends here."

"Is it you, Mr. Wilson, to whom we owe this?" said the apothecary, striving to be calm.

"You owe nothing to Mr. Maurice Herbert," replied Madam Berly. "But we know of Mr. Hastings' place of retirement."

"Has the same authority informed you," said Smith, who saw he was among enemies, "that Mr. Henry Cartwright Hastings last night, either committed suicide or was barbarously murdered?"

"Assassin!" said Maurice, "this is your handwork."

And the young man stood with glaring eyes before the apothecary, while the horror-stricken women sat immovable, struck into icy stillness by the horrible announcement.

"You are free in your epithets, young man," replied H. Smith, whose cheek had slightly blanched, "but rest assured this insolence and your quackish attempt at personating Mr. Hastings's deceased nephew, will not go unpunished."

"Leave this room," said Maurice; "villain, away."

"I am in my own house," exclaimed Smith, taking a chair.

At this instant two coaches stopped before the door, and an officer of police, accompanied by Messrs. Paul and Oakam,

as well as Mr. Richard Stuart, entered the room.

"Mrs. Hastings," said Paul and Oakam, one individual, but portly enough to have been two; "I am under very painful circumstances to make your acquaintance."

"I am Mrs. Hastings," replied that lady, faintly, while she closed her eyes to the horror of the scene.

"Then, madam, I have to inform you that your husband saw me yesterday, that he at once and freely acknowledged the folly of the hallucination under which he was labouring, and had made every arrangement to be reunited to you."

"Merciful God!" murmured Mrs. Hastings.

"This morning," said the lawyer, "I received the painful intelligence of his death under suspicious circumstances. I at once flew to the house he inhabited and took possession of every document in his apartment, as if suicide had been committed, these might lead to an explanation. May I examine them at once?" said the bustling lawyer.

"Yes," groaned the miserable wife.

"First a will. Humph—ah—this won't do; ah, yes, quite correct, leaving every farthing in the world to Mr. Habakkuk Smith—"

"My poor child," said Mrs. Hastings, without a thought for herself. He was gone.

"You see, young man," sneered Smith.

"But this document is valueless," cried the lawyer.

"Valueless!" thundered Smith, "you lie."

"Don't put yourself out, Mr. Smith," replied the lawyer, coolly; "this is a year and a half old, and I have one of not more than three weeks' date, in which the name of Maurice Herbert takes the place of yours; every form complied with, witnessed, regular as the bank; ah, sir, do you hear that?"

"My dear cousin," said Maurice, kindly,

"It is a forgery," exclaimed Smith, pale as ashes.

"Sir," said the irate lawyer.

"Where, where," cried the little lawyer, Mr. Stuart, who had hitherto stood back in awe of his rich confrere, and who had been unrolling a blood-stained piece of paper, with which the razor had evidently been wiped, "where was this found?"

"Beside the bed," said Paul and Oakam, the firm, somewhat nettled at not having to ask the question.

"Then this man is the murderer," thundered the little man, collaring Smith.

"Hands off," cried the apothecary, aghast at the accusation.

"Yesterday morning," said the lawyer, "this man took a piece of paper, a back of a letter, off my table to write an address. That address was mine. This is the paper."

"I knew it," exclaimed Count Marino, who with Jenkins were outside in custody of the police, but who now advanced; "I knew—I felt he was the murderer."

"Liar! thief! villain!" shrieked Smith, appalled even more at the fact that his very partners in crime deserted him, than at the awfulness of his position; "you are the man."

"I saw that ere gent," said the policeman of the beat, "leave the house about half-past nine, in a very suspicious manner."

"I was at home."

"You returned at ten," said Maurice.

"Take him away to Bow-street," said Paul and Oakam. "I am busy here; perhaps you will attend to this terrible matter," addressing Mr. Stuart.

"My God! my God! and is this the end," groaned Smith; "of all my visions?"

"Put him in a cab," said Mr. Stuart, authoritatively, and quite big with the unexpected business, "let the witnesses follow."

"But that piece of paper," observed Paul and Oakam, recollecting themselves, "which your acuteness discovered. Ah, I see I must come. You must be a witness, Mr. Stuart; but never mind, we shall put something in your way."

Meanwhile a crowd had congregated round the house, and when the wretched man, tottering between two policemen, came out to go into the cab, a yell of execration saluted him, and up before his eyes arose a scene where he had often been a spectator.

He saw at early morn, amid a sea of faces, his own peering forth, from a window, and again saluted by yells, even more horrible, more threatening, than these, and he fell a senseless mass into the vehicle.

Jenkins, who, with the Count, followed, as witnesses, instead of, as before, as the

accused, saw all this, and that man of evil vowed in his soul that he would sin no more, and that if the God of good would forgive his meditated crime, he would never again fly in the face of his precepts.

He saw what every man sees every day, without reading the burning and shining lesson which it conveys, that crime prospers not, and that the evil-doer himself brings about his own punishment.

The sequel is but of little romantic interest, for the drama of life was represented in its most ordinary phase. The finale is most common-place, for the reward of the suffering and the wronged was great.

Mr. and Mrs. Hastings, the young couple, are, as far as I can see, and I have seen their sixth child, as fond and happy a couple as I know of, and my acquaintance is not small.

Mrs. Hastings senior, blighted in the prime of life, but bowing meekly to the will of heaven, lives but in her child, and longs for the hour when she may hope to be united eternally with him she so much loved.

Ben Jonson Walters, patronised by his friend Herbert, is a thriving man, and has left poetry—he didn't find it pay. He is, however, used to say, that he shall ever bless his Maria for ever, as it won him the heart of a pretty and charming girl, who is now, we assure you in private, as pretty and as charming a woman.

Miss Pointer is still—Miss Pointer.

The Count has retired from public life, and returned to his native Sussex and name, being now plain Mr. Henry Clark, and living on an annuity allowed him by his son-in-law, the maltster.

Jenkins drives a cab, and, doubtless, you have often been tempted to give more than the fare, by the innocence and insinuating character of his physiognomy.

Of Mr. H. Smith, full particulars may be found, or ought to be, in that recondite book, "The Newgate Calendar."

Boulogne-sur-Mer.

BY CAPT. H. B.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, which is generally regarded as the Brighton of France, is possessed of natural advantages of no common order. Picturesquely situated, clean, and healthy, it invites with open arms the native and the foreign resident, nor is the call responded to with hesitation or unwillingness. We shall briefly, from the results of a long visit, dwell upon the advantages and disadvantages of a residence in this town, commencing with the material, and diverging thence to the moral considerations, which are neither few nor of little importance.

From the sea, or from the top of the eastern cliffs, the view of the town is striking in the extreme. On the slope of a hill, above which again appear the heights of St. Martin, crowned by Fort Lambert, stands the high town, which, with its ancient fortifications, the summit of which forms an excellent promenade, completely circling the town, with its antique belfry, its unfinished but magnificent cathedral, rising on the ruins of a thousand year old church, its gloomy and dark citadel with deep fosse and bridge guarded by sentries, with its Place d'Armes, Palais Imperial, and other large houses, once the hotels of counts and princes in the days of old—at once strikes the eye, and carries back the imagination to the times when these ramparts were bristling with cannon and small arms, and when English valour thundered at these very walls.

Close by, facing the citadel, which forms one corner of the town, stands the magnificent convent of Maquetra, which can be caught sight of with advantage from the ruins of Caligula's lighthouse, on the very edge of the cliffs. Round the foot of the ramparts runs a walk, and then on all sides stretch the suburbs of great extent—irregular streets, some hilly, some flat, full of the usual amount of unmeaning-looking shops, which, except the jewellers and ivory dealers, are utterly unworthy of the meanest English town. It is in the better streets of this part of Boulogne that dwell the English, in hotels and private houses, of which we shall presently speak.

There is nothing in the whole town, except the antique belfry, and the unfinished cathedral, worthy of architectural notice, while, in addition to the cafés, which are very inferior, there are no places of amusement save the theatre—open chiefly on Sunday—the museum, and balls chiefly attended by the fishermen. In addition to this, subscribers to the Etablissement des Bains enjoy the advantages of balls during the season; there are also concerts in the Rue Sibliquin.

Boulogne is not deficient in the usual features of a French town. On the quays which run along the port a motley multitude is at all hours to be witnessed. Sailors lounging about, with the eternal pipe in their mouths; women in wooden shoes, short striped petticoats, and with cotton handkerchiefs for cap and bonnet, laboriously engaged in carrying huge bundles of nets, or piles of fish, or the luggage of passengers; children in new caps, playing pitch and toss; with occasional better-dressed persons, chiefly English, sauntering towards the pier. The air of Boulogne is exceedingly favourable, it appears, to the moustache, and is much coveted by the refuse of English, whom we all know how ill it becomes; runaway clerks; butchers who have come here to pass stolen notes; stolen goods merchants, who have been unwary; Jews who deny their race, and carry the stamp of the very offscourings of their sect upon their faces; men concerned in custom-house frauds; bankrupts who could pay 30s. in the pound, but who prefer idling on the creditors' money here; gay Lotharios, who have bolted with men's wives and cash-boxes;—such are, at all hours, to be seen strutting, with insolent and audacious mien, amid the crowds, disgracing their country, and making the very name of Englishman a bye-word and a slander. But of these anon.

On markets days, Saturday and Wednesday, the visitor may witness the picture of large bodies of ugly, grasping, cheating French peasantry, picturesquely dressed, and occupied in the praiseworthy and patriotic employment of doing the English, who pay about 3d. where a native would pay 1d. In the matter of poultry, it is advisable to offer one-half what is asked, and to audaciously refuse giving any other price; while for fish a third is ample.

The theatre crowded of a Sunday evening, the dancing rooms, the Ducasses and Tivolis in full play, the shops all open, and traffic of every kind going on, billiards, nine-pins, &c., all remind the Englishman that he is in a Catholic country. This, the strange tongue, with the soldiers in red trousers and grey coats, douans in green coats and grey trousers, policemen with swords, are other little peculiarities which speak of the French monarchy.

Boulogne, we have said, is a clean town; it is moreover situated advantageously. Seated as it were on a narrow plain, through which meanders the Liane, it has on each side lofty cliffs, walking along which the traveller will at every step recognise the handiwork of Napoleon in the forts, the trenches, all now in ruins, which were erected by the grand invading army. On one side of the river is Boulogne, on the other Capicune, a suburb, which con-

tains a vast factory, where about four hundred Scotch lasses are employed in the spinning of yarn, &c. The streets are generally, on both sides, well paved for France, and not too narrow; such streets as the Rue de l'Écu, the grand Rue, the Rue Neuve Chaussée, being even very superior in their appearance.

Outside the town, numerous villages receive the surplus population of English, who are yearly colonising this place, where a million of English money is at least expended annually. These villages are picturesque and romantic, no town being surrounded with more delicious walks, hamlets of more inviting aspect, hills and valleys of more tempting character, than is Boulogne-sur-Mer. Whether it be the valley Danaëre, the hamlet of Trelunethen, where Henry VIII held his court during the siege, Pont Brique, or Mount St. Etienne, or Portel, or Wamille, or Wimeux, this fortunate watering-place is surrounded by charming and inviting localities.

For health, perhaps it is unequalled. Its long jetties carry you out into the very sea, the air of which invigorates and delights, while both the Capieure and other sands offer a delightful and salubrious promenade, as do the lofty summits of the cliffs.

Hotels, boarding-houses, lodgings, swarm in every street, offering accommodation during the season, at most extravagant rates, to the crowds of English who come here to promenade the pier, drink French wine and brandy, be cheated unmercifully, and go back with a conviction that they have seen France, and that its population are all of the same class as the Boulonnais.

This brings us to the consideration of Boulogne as a locality suited to English economisers. In the first place rents are high, even if taken during the dead time; during the season, they are exorbitant; every article of food is a third more expensive than in any other part of France, while all articles for wearing apparel, except boots and shoes, are more than twice as expensive as in London, causing residents to prefer sending to England, and paying a heavy duty, than to submit to purchase here. Women's clothes are frightful; a bonnet worth in London about five shillings, is here ten; cotton dresses from 17 to 18 francs, which in England would be only eight; others worth at home fifteen or sixteen are marked forty francs. The commonest articles are all expensive; and I can only explain the smart appearance of the peasantry and holiday-dressed fishermen, by the coarseness and durability of the articles. Brandy, gin, and wine, are the only cheap articles, if we except jewellery and tobacco, which is, however,

vile stuff, as government monopoly articles generally are, with an equally necessary consequence, that the Belgian prohibited leaf is used almost as much as the French articles, being introduced after many ingenious fashions, which everybody knows of, but the police and custom-house officers.

There are two classes of English here, as distinct as possible.

The first is composed of half-pay officers, persons of moderate but certain incomes, who come here to save. As in England their relations in life and connections would almost force them to see and to be seen, to visit and to be visited, they by coming here economise this expense, and they can indulge in brandy at fifteen pence a quart, and port at one shilling and eight pence; claret at the same or less; with billiard rooms and other places, where they can gamble in the open day, at écarté and piquet, Sunday included. But for economy, real and satisfactory, with equal health and none of the drawbacks, some parts of Wales and England are far preferable, while to bring up young families their superiority is undoubted. But France is France, and the English have so long been accustomed to fancy an economy in residing there, that millions are annually expended in this country, which, drawn as they are from our very vitals, would be much better spent at home. In the case of military and naval men, retired government servants, the case is more flagrant, and no pensioner on the hard-worked taxpayers of England, should be permitted to spend his income abroad—this absenteeism being only less felt in England than the same is in Ireland, because England is so much richer than that unhappy island. The swarms of naval and military men who dwell in Calais, St. Omer, Guines, Abbeville, Caen, &c., would hurry back like birds of ill-omen to full salaries at the very scent of war, after years spent in injuring the revenue of their own country, by consuming the products of another.

Another portion of the better class in Boulogne is composed of broken down baronets, petty landholders, and other persons who are great people in a little place, beside whom may be placed several noble, aldermanic, mercantile, and other well-known names, who gaze forlornly at the white cliffs of old England across the slough of despond, where defunct railways, evaporated directorships, vast liabilities to engineers, agents, lawyers, advertising agents, erect their hydra heads and forbid their return. Many most respectable and worthy men, victims to the phrenetic railway mania, are here vegetating, and waiting the chances of fate, having no choice between Boulogne and utter ruin.

Then come the swarms to which we have

before alluded, and who make up the bulk of those who lounge about the streets, or fill the low cafés and English public houses, of which one or two only have any claims to respectability. Their look is that of Newgate let loose, and Newgate in the palmy days of the Turpins and the Shepards. Receivers of stolen goods, pickpockets who have made a lucky haul, robbers of bank parcels, purchasers of stolen notes, runaway clerks, commercial travellers who have dissipated their employers' money in debauchery, and who fly here to eke out a miserable existence, public officers convicted of fraud, tax-collecting defaulters—such are the very motley class who swarm in the streets of Boulogne, with an insolence and swagger only equalled by their dastard cowardice when a police officer comes within arm's length of them.

So notorious is this state of things, that I have lodged in one house, previously owned by a man who for thirty years carried on the lucrative trade of a pickpocket in London, who then became what is vulgarly called a "fence," or receiver of stolen goods, under the name of a general dealer, and who having being traced and suspected, ended his days as a lodging-house keeper at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Every Englishman should therefore be most cautious, if visiting this lovely town for pleasure, health, or economy, how he forms acquaintance. The black sheep, however, are not difficult to be traced; they bear the stamp of the beast upon their faces, while, though generally with families, they are never by any chance seen walking out with their wives and children, but lounging about in gangs of three or four, sauntering at the corners of streets, sneaking in and out of low public-houses kept by their own set, or filling the low *estaminets*, to which, however, they prefer the *tap-room*, being ignorant of every language, save and except the slang dialect which exposes them more than any thing.

Amid the heap of English public-houses, two respectable ones can be mentioned: H. Minter, near the port, and H. Fife, 38, Rue de Boston, where ale and viler liquors are dispensed freely at moderate prices.

As an agreeable bathing place on your way farther inland; as a place to visit for sea baths and good air; as an occasional residence for a few weeks, it is an excellent locality; but to remain in, in dearth it far surpasses London or Paris, while its moral atmosphere vies with Botany Bay.

One phase in French civilisation the unfortunate Englishman who lives beyond his means will rapidly become acquainted with, fully qualifying himself for a report on the state of French prisons. If your creditor thinks proper, and can reconcile

it to his conscience to affirm that you are about to leave the country, you are arrested without notice, and consigned to the dirty French prison, whence you emerge only on paying the debt and some hundred francs of costs, as well as five and twenty francs a month paid by your creditor for your maintenance, which you must repay on leaving.

There are several English who have been incarcerated for more than six years, each year £12 being added to the debt.

There are, the reader will observe, therefore, many things to be said for and against a residence in this town, and none should do so without careful reflection whether, as Sam Weller says, it is worth while going through so much to learn so little. The reflection of all who have taken up their abode and pitched their tent in a foreign land is, very soon, "There is no place like old England."

English periodicals and newspapers are to be had here, however, at an advance; *Dombey*, *Tait*, or the "*Mirror*," would be 1s. 3d., while a sixpenny paper is charged eightpence.

An amusing instance of what the *Times* properly calls the senility of the aged prince who governs France, is shown in the total prohibition of *Punch*, which is unmercifully seized if sent through the post-office, though it is continually brought over in travellers' pockets, as a stiffener to neckhandkerchiefs, as a soft lining to a man's boot, and after other strange fashions, of which wrapping it round the body as an undershirt is one variety. Mr. Douglas Jerrold has, evidently, alarmed Louis Philippe, whose throne, it appears, is not proof against satire. The *Weekly Dispatch* is another prohibited journal, being also universally captured; while the *Sunday Times* has several times been temporarily suspended when M. Guizot has not been treated in as flattering a manner as he could wish. Even the harmless *Pictorial Times* and *Illustrated News*, most coveted by young ladies and old women in pantaloons, are admitted under a bond, one copy being forwarded to the king for examination, and if there be an approximation to caricature, the paper is condemned.

On how rotten a fabric the existing French monarchy is founded, these are small indications. One thing is clear, that were the electoral lists extended fifty per cent, beyond its present ridiculous limits, the republican king, as he has been facetiously called, would not exist another twenty-four hours. The people were never so resolutely and unmistakably republican. A remarkable instance of this may be seen in the fact, that with the rich and wealthy electoral body now selecting the

deputies, a ministerial candidate would, by common consent, have no chance, save that the government distribute offices solely among electors. A high officer here is notoriously ministerial, simply because M. Guizot, with careful discrimination, has bestowed numerous places, lucrative in the extreme, on his relatives.

Any one who gazes at the mere surface would think the present dynasty strong and impregnable, but never was the undercurrent of opposition so strong, nor France so rife for another revolution, as now. The middling classes, the tradesmen, the superior artisans, are either republicans, or indifferent; all who think of politics at all are the former. When, on the 1st of May, the national guard turned out to celebrate the *Fête du Roi*, a vast majority remained at home, simply to show their disapproval of the opinions of their monarch. The English, who mix only with their own country people, and who judge the country from the papers, think Louis Philippe powerful; but mix casually and unreservedly with the French, and every day will convince an observer of the rotten superstructure on which stands him whose duplicity, intriguing, and struggles, will all end in the exile of his race, and the destruction of all his schemes. The future will not prove me a false prophet.

The One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm.

A TALE OF THE PURITANS.

CHAPTER I.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Oliver Cromwell was now Lord Protector of England, and his position, apparently so enviable, was by no means without its thorns. Discovering treachery where he least expected to find it, beset by conspiracies against his life, finding often his friends, those in whom he had placed the most implicit trust, prove faithless,—his careworn brow had assumed a deeper aspect of anxiety, his stern yet striking countenance was overshadowed occasionally by the deepest gloom, as day by day he beheld falling from around him the friendly supports on which he had hoped to lean.

He sat one evening in a plain though well-furnished apartment, at a table covered with writing materials, and bent down close over his work, as though his life depended upon the conclusion of what he had in hand. He was alone. Now and then he would raise that pale face with a

sudden start, and gaze abstractedly on the wall opposite, with a frown lowering upon his brow, as if pondering on some important business. Here sat Cromwell—that bold, fearless, ambitious man, his heart overflowing with good intentions, prompted by a stern sense of duty in whatever he performed, never descending to a mean action, but doing honourably to others as he would they should do unto him. Few have been at the pains to understand the character of Oliver Cromwell. He has been blamed for assuming the Protectorate, yet who can doubt that he was guided by a sincere and earnest desire for the well-being of his country? Disappointed in some of his proudest hopes he undoubtedly was, and disappointed too in those whom he trusted to have called his friends. Doubt was now uppermost in his mind, until at length it created little surprise, as day after day his emissaries brought notice of some fresh desertion, some new rebellion, some plot, conspiracy, or intrigue.

He was now interrupted by the entrance of a page, with a small note upon a silver salver, which he laid noiselessly down, and withdrew. Cromwell glanced from his occupation at the address, at first somewhat carelessly, then as his eye seemed in an instant to recognise the handwriting, he started, and, eagerly snatching it up, opened it. A short time sufficed to make him acquainted with the contents of the letter. While he read his countenance assumed an ashy paleness, and leaning back in his chair, he pressed his forehead with his hand, and murmured, "I had not expected this—Mark Phillips."

The Protector's lip quivered; those stern unbending features relaxed for an instant into an expression of agony, and the whole face was lighted up with sorrow. What was there in that name that could awaken so deep a train of thought! Oliver Cromwell's heart was full of hidden impulses—there was a well-spring of natural feelings there concealed by their virtues. Something now appeared to awaken deep and earnest reflection—a chord in his heart had been struck, which quivered and vibrated far back in the recesses of his memory, and communicated with a passage in his past career over which the darkest mystery hung for all but himself, and the echo called up pleasant sounds and awakened pleasant remembrances of things past and gone. Yet there must have been in his communication of to-night something of interest connected with himself, for he now rose, took down his cap, and left the room.

CHAPTER II.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

Mark Phillips sat at a table near an open window, with a large Bible before him, out of which he was reading aloud to his beautiful daughter Edith, as she sat by his side, leaning her head upon his shoulder, and listening with devout attention to those holy words which every hour seemed to let in fresh light into her mind, and make her more acquainted with the gospel of our Lord. The old man's voice was trembling; but the fervour with which he read, and the meek, pious resignation of that aged face, on which the rays of the setting sun fell, threading through his thin and scattered white hair, almost unperceptibly raised by the wind, rendered him a beautiful specimen of that sincere and zealous class of men, the Puritans. The book was at length closed; and Edith, after remaining some considerable time silent, exclaimed, looking archly up into her father's countenance:

"It was this day six months that Henry Farnham, the rich, the handsome royalist, vowed everlasting vengeance against us both, because I refused his gentle suit; and we are not quite annihilated yet, father, are we?"

"Not yet, my child," said he, gravely; "but still we know not what is in store for us."

They had sat thus conversing for some time, when a servant opened the door, and announced

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Oliver—my lord!" exclaimed the old man, rising, and cordially advancing to meet him.

"Nay, Mark Phillips, I do not require that you call me by any other name than that you used to call me when we played together long ago. It is not *such* incense I require. You are surprised to see me here; I am but come to ask you one question, and then to depart. I will sit down. Do not go, unless you wish it," said he, addressing Edith, who was preparing to leave the room. "I would ask of you this simple thing—how to retain a friend? Mark, I, the Lord Protector of England, surrounded as I might be with the pomp of a sovereign, caressed, flattered, indulged, if I but choose it, am come to you to ask how I can secure one faithful friend. Is it by gold? Let him but speak," he said, bitterly fixing his eyes on the calm unmoved countenance of the old Puritan, who watched the Protector, and listened to him as he would have listened to his brother, his equal in all things.

"I do not understand you, Cromwell," he said, at length; "speak more plainly."

"I will. Tell me," continued the stern Lord Cromwell, relaxing in this interview somewhat of his haughty bearing, "tell me how or in what way I have injured you, Mark, that you should be in league with my enemies to destroy me?"

"Injured me? I in league with your enemies? What do you mean? What have you seen in my conduct to suppose me capable of such baseness?"

The Protector bent a searching, scrutinising glance upon the quiet old Puritan, who sat with his Bible still before him, gazing intently upon him; and he paused for a moment.

"Had I no proofs of what I assert, I should believe you, Mark; but——"

"Believe me!—what right have you to doubt me?"

"Circumstances have rendered me suspicious, as every day I make some fresh discovery calculated to destroy my confidence in those around me."

"Before you speak," said Phillips, "or tell me your proofs, Oliver Cromwell, I will tell you one thing, which, if you believe, you will still retain the same position in my mind; if not, then we are henceforth separated utterly. You are Lord Protector of England, I am Mark Phillips, once your playmate and your friend, but still as proud of my position as you can be of yours. You have the whole empire under your control, and its interest to watch over; I have but one treasure, and that lies here," and the old Puritan laid his hand upon the head of the fair creature at his side. "I tell you only plainly, frankly, on my word, my honour, that never in thought, in deed, have I plotted against you—have never exchanged a word with such as I believed to be your enemies. This on the word of a man."

Both were honourable men, and they had been friends in youth. The next moment was one of extreme suspense. There was a struggle going on in the mind of the Protector; he paused for a moment, then rose, and gave both his hands to his friend.

"I believe you," he said; "forgive me." At this moment, a slight fluttering was heard at the window; and turning, Phillips saw a letter fall upon the table.

Cromwell started back; and Mark, taking up the paper, proceeded to open it, whilst his friend stood near, watching his countenance as he read. As the Protector stood, all his former doubts and misgivings returned more strongly than ever, for Mark Phillips did turn pale, and even looked confused.

"Your missive seems not pleasing," said Cromwell, turning to go away, too proud to ask to see what he suspected to be a confirmation of his suspicions.

"No, not pleasing, Cromwell; some ma-

licious person has taken this opportunity of endeavouring to excite your suspicions by putting off this letter upon you. Look, see what it says."

In doubt and mistrust, Oliver Cromwell took the letter and glanced over it.

"We meet to-night at the usual place. The final necessities for the overthrow of the haughty O. C. will then be resolved on. Be early. Be cautious. Yours ever, —"

"It is certainly *very* malicious, and particularly unfortunate that this letter should be thrown in thus inopportunately while I am here," said Cromwell, somewhat sneeringly, though there was something mournful in his voice; "but it matters little—only one more friend gone. Good night, Phillips."

"Good night, Lord Cromwell," haughtily answered the Puritan.

The Protector was gone.

"Father," said Edith, "who can have done this?"

"Some enemy, my child."

"Evil will come of it, father."

"Nay," said the Puritan, calmly pointing upwards, "God will not desert the just, nor suffer the ungodly to triumph. We have done no wrong. Let us retire to night."

CHAPTER III.

THE PURITAN'S CAPTURE.

A few days passed, when one evening the old Puritan again sat in that chamber with his daughter; but they were conversing sadly together over late events—a series of circumstances had occurred which apparently implicated the Puritan in treasonable practices.

Suddenly, a knocking was heard at the door; and Edith, starting up, looked out of the window.

"Father," she said, "there are two strangers standing at the door—odd-looking men."

But before they could say another word, they had entered the room.

"Mark Phillips, I believe," said the stranger.

"The same," said the Puritan.

"Here is a paper," continued the first speaker, "which sets you forth as having been concerned in treasonable practices against Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England; and I am come now, in discharge of my duty, to apprehend you as a traitor to your country."

"My father a traitor? No!" exclaimed Edith, rushing forward, and raising her hands imploringly to the stranger. "Do

not touch him. It is not true; it is false—indeed it is."

"Nay, Edith, peace," said her father; "I will go with these gentlemen. I am innocent, and ere long my innocence will be made manifest. You must away to your aunt; I shall not be from you long. No tears, my poor child," he whispered, as he folded her in his arms; "will you suffer *them* to witness such weakness? Nay, Edith, it must not be."

And the father kissed her.

"I may come to you to-morrow, father, may I not?"

"Yes, if they will permit you. Now hand me my Bible, Edith."

His daughter, with a swelling heart, advanced, and placed the plain but precious volume in his hand; and without another word, but only one look at his child, the Puritan was led away to prison. Edith flew to the window, and watched her father down the street until he disappeared from view, and then flung herself back in the chair, and burst into tears. She remained long in this position, when suddenly raising her eyes, they encountered those of Henry Farnham peering through the window.

"Edith Phillips," he said, "are you satisfied of my power to avenge myself?"

But ere she could answer, he suddenly disappeared, though by the position he had assumed, leaning with his arms over the window-sill, it seemed as though he had intended longer to occupy his post. But Edith had scarcely time to close the lattice, ere a gentle knock was heard at the room-door, and Oliver Cromwell was again in the chamber.

"Be not alarmed," he said, gently, "at my intrusion. Your father has been committed to prison, and will in all probability be led to the scaffold in a few days. Tell me, are you willing to save him?"

"Save him? Oh, my lord, can you ask me? Tell me how I can do so. But surely you will not let *him* die—your own friend? No! It is in your power to set him free. He is innocent; indeed, my lord, he is."

"Silence, Edith Phillips, awhile," said the Protector, somewhat sternly turning away, for he could not look unmoved upon the streaming eyes of the agitated girl, whose whole form appeared convulsed with terror. "His friendship once existing is his greatest crime. Had he been as other men, only a stranger to me, his desertion had not wounded me thus; but traitor as he is, I will forgive him all on one condition. You must know of all his proceedings. Speak, and tell me the whole truth, and your father is free to-morrow."

Edith paused. She had nothing to tell,

and she felt that she should not be believed in her simple denial.

"You hesitate; do not fear to speak," he said, taking her hand. "You will not surely suffer your father to perish, when a few words will save him."

"You will not believe me," she said, passionately bursting into tears, "if I tell you the truth. My father has never been concerned in any reasonable practice. No, he never leaves me. We sit together, read together, and no one comes near us."

Oliver Cromwell frowned, as he said:

"Do you know one Henry Farnham?"

"Yes—that is—I mean I once did know him."

"Did I not see him quit the window but one moment ago?"

"But—" exclaimed Edith.

"Nay, nay, I will hear no more; it grieves me, maiden, from my heart, to witness one so young so hardened. It is settled your father must die; and remember, Edith, you have pronounced his doom."

Oliver Cromwell quitted the room; and Edith, hastily throwing a hood and cloak over her shoulders, went forth to her aunt's to relate what had happened, and to entreat her to accompany her on the morrow to her father's cell.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXECUTION.

It was the morning that was to witness the execution of Mark Phillips. Edith had been his inseparable companion until the last, and with an energy which astonished those around her, she pronounced it her determination to accompany him to the scaffold, that she might receive his last blessing. He sat, in his cell, somewhat paler, perhaps, than when he was first introduced to the reader, but with a countenance expressive of a pious resignation. No murmur broke from his lips, no gesture expressed despair. His hands were clasped on his knee, but an observer of the scene might have detected a tear stealing down his cheeks, as he glanced towards that gentle girl who knelt by his pallet with her face buried in her hands.

"Courage, my child," said the old man, soothingly, while his own voice trembled. "Have you no hopes of that home above us, where all the good are to be reunited never to part again? I am very old, Edith, and have not long to live. It does not matter that a few years are taken off my life."

"To die innocent, father—you have not deserved death," she murmured, almost inaudibly.

"It is better thus to sink into the grave than burdened with guilt. I trust I am prepared to meet my Heavenly Father. But read to me once again, Edith; then I will pray for the last time, for the hour is coming and we must part."

"No, father, I will not leave you yet; but what shall I read?"

"The Sermon on the Mount, my child."

In the stillness of that chamber, the poor girl read lowly, her voice choking with emotion for a little time, but she was unable to endure it long. Suddenly closing the book, she flung her arm round her father's neck, and murmured between her sobs: "I cannot do it, father; I cannot think of what I read at such a moment."

In less than half an hour afterwards the Puritan, accompanied by his daughter, was on his way to the scaffold. Crowds had assembled to view the procession. Old Mark Phillips was beloved by a numerous circle, and many a whisper of pity passed round through the multitude as the white-haired man mounted the platform. There was still a figure at his side, a pale shadow of a girl, who seemed to glide like a spectre round him. It was a custom in those days for the prisoners to sing a hymn previous to the execution, as a preparation for death, the selection of which was left to themselves.

"You will join me, Edith," whispered her father to his devoted child, who refused all entreaties to abandon him in his last hour.

"Let me choose it," she said faintly, as she turned over the pages of the little volume, until she lighted upon the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm, the longest in the whole book.

"Is not this prolonging our misery, my dearest child?"

"Nay, father—this once—this last time, do grant me what I ask."

And the hymn was commenced, and the voice of the multitude was hushed. There was a silence like unto death in that erst a while moving, jostling, waving mass of heads, and every eye was riveted upon the two figures standing side by side on that small platform, the black form of the executioner with upraised axe in the background, supported by two or three other men in the rear. A ray of sunshine seemed suddenly to burst from behind a floating cloud, and to illumine the countenance of the condemned old man. There was a dense mass of human beings assembled there—man, woman, and child—awaiting the death of a fellow creature; and amongst them all every heart swelled with mingled emotions of pity for the young suffering girl who loved her father so deeply. Many a tear started to the eye of stern men, who, ashamed of the weak-

ness, brushed it hastily away, as they heard the united voices of the father and daughter blended in that holy hymn, which sounded plaintively clear in that deep hush. It was observed that as they both drew near the last verse, Edith's countenance assumed an aspect like unto death, and had not her father passed his arm round her slender figure, she would have fallen. It was come to the last—her father had but one minute to live—the executioner advanced—her father turned to bid her the last farewell—when, hark! a distant shout rends the air. It enlarges—it spreads—a thousand blended voices give strength to the rolling sound, borne over the heads of the multitude, and gathering force as it advanced, as each fresh roar of voices rose like a wave from the moving ocean of human beings, until at length its meaning burst upon the girl's bewildered brain. The shout is repeated. Hats are waved; and around, on every side, the word "pardon" is echoed.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the fainting girl, as her father, raising her in his arms, hastened to descend from the platform.

Another half hour found them by the side of Oliver Cromwell, who, as he bestowed his free pardon on the prisoner, explained to him that he had repented him of his precipitancy towards his old friend, but that he was as yet unconvinced of his innocence.

"God bless you a thousand times!" exclaimed Edith, as in her gratitude she sank on her knees before him. "You will ere long discover him to be innocent."

"It may be so," said Cromwell, turning away, "and if not—why the death of my friend would ill compensate me for the loss of his regard and his good will."

"Thanks, my Lord Cromwell," said the old man, "for the life you have not taken for her sake. Come, Edith, let us go home."

The Puritan and his daughter many and many a time read and read again that psalm which had saved him from an undeserved death. And Edith never ceased in humble gratitude to offer up her thanksgiving for that Providence which had suggested it to her, and then enabled her father to live to a good old age in humble faith and trust in the goodness of God. Mark Phillips' innocence was ere long proved to the satisfaction of even Oliver Cromwell, who rejoiced in the repentance which had sprung up in his heart, and which had worked so favourably for his friend.

THE WIDOW'S YOUNGEST SON.

BY FANNY E. LACY.

"Twas by the bright streamlet that's turning
the mill,
Ellen Lorn, of the cottage just under the
hill,
A widow was left in the bloom of her years,
With three orphan boys—her weeds, and her
tears.

Our kind-hearted vicar relieved her of Jack,
And Jim went to sea in a tight fishing
smack;
"But I'd rather," she pleaded, "keep Edward
at home,
He's too young and too ailing the wide world
to roam."

Now Time in its course o'er the young Ed-
ward flew,
And the neighbours all talked as neighbours
will do:

"The boy grows a man, 'tis a sin and a
shame
Thus to keep him at home—Widow Lorn is
to blame."

"But little they think," said the widow with
tears,

"The comfort he brings to my now failing
years;

I love both his brothers, my Jack and poor
Jim,

But I feel most a mother when gazing on
him.

"To those that ask wherefore, I answer—the
claim

Of sickness and infancy still is the same;
And I feel that kind heaven in mercy hath
left

Each to the other, of all else bereft.

"Oh! may it forgive me; I almost rejoice
To hear him reply in his dear feeble voice,
As the mother responding to each hapless
tone,

Makes the widow remember she is not
alone."

So Edward still cheer'd her: and Edward
still grew,

But, alas! with his years did his ailments
grow too,

Till death seiz'd his prey as he sank on her
breast,

And look'd as in infancy taking his rest.

"'Tis much to my children's affection I owe,"
Said the widow, "in smoothing my path-way
below,

But the task to my youngest, most precious
was given,

Whose smile, as he died, lit my path-way to
heaven."

The Poems of Alfred Tennyson.

There are existing, amongst many others, two especial classes of critics, the members of one of which seek to extract all the good out of a book they possibly can; while the members of the other, by far the more numerous, sedulously avoiding all a book may contain of a valuable nature, set their wits to work to discover the points in which an author may be wanting, into what errors he may have fallen, taking care to show them up, when discovered, in the worst possible light to the world. Both these classes are to blame. Though the first named may be pardoned to a certain extent on account of the amiable motives by which they are actuated, that critic nevertheless still lies open to censure who represents the works on which he is called upon to pronounce judgment in a wrong light before the world, and enlists its warm approbation in behalf of an author, when in reality that approbation ought to be tempered by a moderate amount of dispraise. The critics who profess allegiance to the other class, on the contrary, call for no excuse from us. They merit none. They write frequently from despicable motives of malice, are often actuated by direct personal enmity, and slash right and left at an author, without being at the pains to consider for one moment how far they are acting either honourably or well.

Injustice is committed by both, as well to the public as to the author himself, but in the first case to the author more especially, since there cannot be a more grievous mistake than to endeavour to persuade a man that because he writes well, and perhaps eloquently, upon one topic, therefore he must write well upon every other topic likewise. No style is suited to all classes of literature. The poet is frequently betrayed into extravagance in prose-writing; the politician becomes severe, stern, and often cold in poetry. Let men confine themselves to that class of composition which has, as it were, become their own, and let each man be awarded his due meed of praise and blame. If he excel in one production, critics will acknowledge his pre-eminence; and if they be manly, will not fear, on the other hand, to blame where, in any fresh attempt, the writer should fall short of his former efforts.

It is the mistake of the age blindly to

follow some particular leader, who sets the fashion what to admire, what to hate or despise. Those timid disciples who enlist themselves under a chieftain's banner, come at length to have no voice of their own. They dare not reflect and appeal to the unerring decision of their own judgments, but must bow and worship before the shrine of their leader, and sing with him songs of adulation to each fresh aspirant after fame in the present generation.

Every new arrival at the fane of poesy, be he clothed with commanding intellect, or clad in the humble suit of indifferent ability, is not submitted to the unbiased judgment of the devotees around, but is passed over to a crew of partial judges, who come forward and point out to whom their disciples are to bow the knee, and from whom to turn derisively away.

The present age is wanting in great men, but above all in great poets. Everything is on a moderate scale, and hence people are satisfied with average merit, admire poor productions, and raise into idols men gifted with ability, but as inferior to those who have gone before as the sun, shrouded in mist, is to that planet revealed in all its sublime grandeur on a summer's day. Never was there an age in which so few master-spirits swayed the destiny of the nation. We do not assert that there are no great men existing, no men gifted with extraordinary poetic talent yet unrevealed, or, if revealed, unappreciated; but let our readers cast an impartial glance around, and give us their names. What orator have we to startle the Houses of Legislature with the thunders of his eloquence? What statesman of commanding energy, capable of swaying the destiny of the nation? What prose writer to dazzle the world? What bard to kindle our souls into lofty admiration of his genius, his noble intellect and grasp of mind? Where are our Shakespeares and our Miltons now?

We boast, it must be acknowledged, of a small group of great men; but it is not now our business here to single them out. It is our firm conviction, also, that there is genius slumbering in the minds of men who, shackled by circumstances, are prevented from stepping forth into the broad light of day. But their sun is destined to rise upon another generation, who will welcome the glad light which dawns upon them, and bask beneath the enduring rays

of a man's intellect, even though they shine from around his tomb, and his spirit may have passed to another world.

Our task is now, however, to estimate the abilities of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, to pronounce impartial judgment upon his writings, to award him his just meed of praise, and to point out in what he falls short of the genuine poet. We desire to place him upon his true level, to raise him in the estimation of some, and to lower him in that of those who blindly admire, who will not be at the pains to examine for themselves, who will not listen to the decision of their own consciences.

We have not only read but studied his productions, and our opinion is not therefore hastily or rashly formed. Mr. Tennyson undoubtedly possesses many poetical attributes. He has at his command great power over language, ease of versification, with abilities for description. But in all his poems we observe an imperfectness. They start into existence, as it were, before us, and pass away as suddenly. They do not steal gently upon the senses, or leave a soothing impression upon the soul. If we are suffered occasionally to bask in a ray of sunshine from the poet's mind, we are all at once rudely awakened from our delight by a quick introduction of some strange conceit, which destroys the whole effect.

If any one could in spirit have presided at the gradual unfolding of Mr. Tennyson's mind, at the moulding of his feelings, his sympathies, and been admitted into the secret training which has made him what he is, they would have discovered that he owes his poetical attributes to art and not to nature. That most assuredly never intended or fitted him for so glorious a position, but having read and studied poetry, he became animated by the desire also to produce something similar to what had constituted for some time the staple food of his imagination. Any impartial reader of Tennyson cannot but acknowledge the truth of this. Hence springs that want of idealism which we observe in all his writings. There are to be met with passing observations on the beauties of nature, elaborate descriptions of her secret haunts; but we feel, while leaning with the poet over his imaginary bed of violets, that we look on man's picture of what the Almighty has created, and can-

NO. 1376.

not realise to our fancy its balmy, refreshing odour, its perfumed uprisings of sweet air, its purple hue, its interlacing of rich green. No. The hand of the artist, intent on reproducing, with scientific minuteness, everything in succession, intrudes before us, pointing out this feature and that, striving to outdo nature, and in reality falling short of it. Again, let Mr. Tennyson extend his fancy to the deep ocean. Let him be endeavouring to dam up the great body of its waters, that our eyes may penetrate and behold the treasures which lie below—what vast, what glorious ideas does he even inspire us with? Do we not, instead, find ourselves compelled to rest satisfied with tiny pictures, pictures such as infancy would love to dwell on, of little pebbles and mosses and mermaids, with no rich glow of the poet's mind thrown over them? This is all very pretty. We are pleased with Mr. Tennyson's descriptions, but never delighted. We never find a poem which engrosses our mind, so that we are compelled to return to it again, to dwell enraptured on its beauties, to linger over it, and lose all thought of all things else while hanging over the inspired lines. No. There is an earthly taint in all; something to remind us of mediocrity, something which will not allow us to look up to the poet with respect and love.

We reverence the name of poet. Around him who can, by his inspired hand, make the spring of poetry gush out of the stern rock of reality, there is cast a fascination and a charm which extends itself beyond the circle of our fancy, and penetrates our heart. We do not feel towards him as to other men. Hanging around the ideal poet are a thousand associations with all that is beautiful in nature and art. He is invested with a grandeur, a sublimity, which kindles our esteem into a kind of devotion. Now he seems to come to us fresh from those lands where angels sing, and beauty, and joy, and peace, and gladness ever reign, laden with a purifying dew, to refresh our spirits, by telling us of what he, in imagination, has beheld. Now he seems to have suffered his soul to penetrate where system round system rolls, where planets are everlastingly travelling through the realms of space, and where nature, in the vast, unknown regions of eternity, is, as it were, engaged in fashioning new worlds, new systems, new planets.

51

VOL. XLIX.

His soul is lifted, by constant communing with spiritual things, above the common order. He, by degrees, by association with the spirits of the beautiful, the good, and by dwelling constantly on the glorious laws of the universe, by reflecting on the omnipotence of God, himself becomes refined and spiritualised.

The range of the poet's philosophy is wide. It should embrace every attainable degree of knowledge. He must not be content with common reading, with study in which all men may become his equals. To purify the souls of mankind, his own must have already been purified; and who will deny that the aim of the poet is to idealise the world, to make mankind look through a more spiritual medium at the actions of their fellow-men, at the laws of nature, at the bountiful dispensations of God? The poet, the genuine poet, does not aim at merely amusing his brethren. He refines prose. He makes us look at things in a purer, better light, and elevates our whole mind.

In Mr. Tennyson we discern little of that spiritual yearning after things good and holy, that eager desire to rise on imaginary wings and soar upward, to be above all contact with the vapours of earth, to grapple with things unseen, mysterious, yet glorious in imagination. We perceive no evidence of any lofty ethical notions, of having thought and pondered deeply upon those holy and mysterious laws which knit the universe together, which tend to inspire the reader, to raise him, as it were, above the level of mortality, and make him feel his affinity with spiritual beings.

Far be it from our readers to suppose that we insinuate, in the remotest degree, the want of religious feeling in Mr. Tennyson. On the contrary. His writings speak often the very reverse. What we desire to impress upon them is, the fact that he is a man of some poetic talent, but by no means a sublime poet. He belongs to earth; he soars close along its confines. He selects topics of moderate extension, and keeps our imagination strictly within certain bounds, never permitting us to contemplate anything but what everyone may behold in the course of his career. The most trivial observations are versified, all nature is regarded from the level of town—as it were, from the window of a

secluded study. He seems to draw his inspiration, not from association with nature, but from hearsay. Hence arises that cold precision of expression, which limits all things, as it were, with possibility, and refuses to allow us to imagine anything more. We miss that sweet well-spring of tenderness which should gush from the poet's mind over all nature, endearing to us both himself and his productions, and awakening our attention to every the most trivial circumstance in nature, and throwing a halo around us. No. Mr. Tennyson has been courted, flattered, idealised, enshrined in men's minds as a poet, for writing a stanza like the following:

"Sure never yet was antelope
Could skip so lightly by;
Stand off, or else my skipping rope
Will hit you in the eye."

Remarkable—very. But still it strikes one that some one with far less pretension than Mr. Tennyson might have written it. He has, however, produced several pieces of great ability, from the merit of which it is not our intention to detract. "The Two Voices," for instance, breathes a pure spirit of truth through its lines, and the intention of the whole poem is fine. Much of poetry, too, may be met with in its course, but even here, now and then, a repetition from some former pieces smites on our ear. Yet it is freer from conceit, from vagaries, than almost any, and possesses many stanzas of rare beauty. He says.

"I wept. Though I should die, I know
That all about the thorn will blow
In tufts of rosy-tinted snow;
And men through novel spheres of thought,
Still moving after truth long sought,
Will learn new things when I am not.

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"The highest mounted mind," he said,
"Still sees the sacred morning spread
The silent summit overhead.

"Will thirty seasons render plain
Those lovely lights that still remain,
Just breaking over land and main?"

"Or make that moon, from her cold crown
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Flood with daylight glebe and lawn?"

These are beautiful; but, to be properly relished, they should be read in conjunction with the remainder, which is full of admirable lines and some fine ideas and sweet touches of feeling. "Locksley

Hall" is another of the kind. Many fine sentiments are to be met with, which touch us to the heart, and strongly stir our sympathies, though it be not, in our estimation, equal to "The Two Voices." We have heard the "Morte d'Arthur" spoken of as a capital poem, full of striking ideas. Having had our curiosity excited, we perused it with the intention of finding out its beauties, and decided, on having finished it, that it was one of the worst of the whole. The introduction, under the name of "The Epic," is prose, cut up into blank-verse lines. And here we are not exaggerating its demerits. In vain does the reader attempt to make it sound either harmonious or poetical:

"Francis, laughing, clapt his hand

On Everard's shoulder, with 'I hold by him;

'And I,' quoth Everard, 'by the wassail bowl.'"

This, it will be acknowledged, is of rare excellence, and we have not by any means chosen the most prosaic part. It would be unfair to our author not to say that from beginning to end it answers completely to the above specimen. There is a sing-song sameness in the account of Arthur's death which palls the fancy, and causes us to turn wearied away from the contemplation of the poet's creation. Mr. Tennyson has written many pretty pieces, but whatever they may contain of beauty is overstrained by the introduction of some strange conceit, some curious licence of the poet's, some outrage of all the laws which regulate poetry. Mr. Tennyson aims at being peculiar; he seems to imagine that extravagance, repetition, and monotony will compensate for the absence of poetic skill. And people admire, read, and talk of pieces which would disgrace a schoolboy as something grand and startling. Tennyson was at one time an universal topic of discussion; he was admitted into the ball-room, the carriage, the drawing-room; it was a pretty subject on which people could display their eloquence, but the rage happily is passing a little away. Ashamed of the idolatry they have showered upon this new planet, people are beginning to view him in sober sense; but still his devotees are too numerous and press too rudely forward when others, his superiors in intellect, talent, capacity, and style, are being brought forward. The lustre which the whole

world acknowledges as Byron's is sought to be dimmed for his sake; they cannot, with all their efforts, make Tennyson's to shine like his, therefore must they seek to obscure the brightness of a poet superior to all who have ever entered the arena of poetry, except Milton and Shakespeare. Let not his gloriolous productions be brought in comparison with those of Tennyson when the merits of the latter are discussed, and we shall then refrain from invidious comparisons. But when we hear the question asked—"Do you not think Tennyson superior to Byron?" we listen with contempt to him who can give utterance to an inquiry so absurd. Tennyson is a clever man, and has acquired a sort of ease in handling versification. Many of his productions are very beautiful. Here, however, we stop: we neither can nor will afford him praise which he does not merit.

The secret of the favour with which women in general regard him lies in the fact that he encourages the sickly taste for the sentimental which unhappily in the present age still lingers around our firesides, only to be obliterated by another generation possessing other and sterner characteristics. Broken hearts, consumption, and forlorn lovers, are the constant theme of Mr. Tennyson's pen; and over the dreary pictures created by him, young ladies linger and hang enchanted, overpowered by a gush of sentimental sorrow awakened by some such verse as the following:

"She only said, 'The night is dreary;

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She said, 'I am aweary, aweary;

I would that I were dead!"

If these stanzas had been met with once in the course of a long poem, one might pass it off as a fanciful whim of the poet, and say no more; but when it comes to be said over again eight times, the repetition fatigues us, and we feel inclined to exclaim with our author, "We are a-weary, a-weary, we would that we were dead!" And yet in the poem of "Mariana" there are several pretty ideas, the effect of which is, however, lost in our wonder at the absurdity in which the poet permits himself to indulge.

We have proposed in the course of this article to show on what the fame of Mr. Tennyson is founded, and, by giving specimens of what is so much admired, to en-

His soul is lifted, by constant communing with spiritual things, above the common order. He, by degrees, by association with the spirits of the beautiful, the good, and by dwelling constantly on the glorious laws of the universe, by reflecting on the omnipotence of God, himself becomes refined and spiritualised.

The range of the poet's philosophy is wide. It should embrace every attainable degree of knowledge. He must not be content with common reading, with study in which all men may become his equals. To purify the souls of mankind, his own must have already been purified; and who will deny that the aim of the poet is to idealise the world, to make mankind look through a more spiritual medium at the actions of their fellow-men, at the laws of nature, at the bountiful dispensations of God? The poet, the genuine poet, does not aim at merely amusing his brethren. He refines prose. He makes us look at things in a purer, better light, and elevates our whole mind.

In Mr. Tennyson we discern little of that spiritual yearning after things good and holy, that eager desire to rise on imaginary wings and soar upward, to be above all contact with the vapours of earth, to grapple with things unseen, mysterious, yet glorious in imagination. We perceive no evidence of any lofty ethical notions, of having thought and pondered deeply upon those holy and mysterious laws which knit the universe together, which tend to inspire the reader, to raise him, as it were, above the level of mortality, and make him feel his affinity with spiritual beings.

Far be it from our readers to suppose that we insinuate, in the remotest degree, the want of religious feeling in Mr. Tennyson. On the contrary. His writings speak often the very reverse. What we desire to impress upon them is, the fact that he is a man of some poetic talent, but by no means a sublime poet. He belongs to earth; he soars close along its confines. He selects topics of moderate extension, and keeps our imagination strictly within certain bounds, never permitting us to contemplate anything but what everyone may behold in the course of his career. The most trivial observations are versified, all nature is regarded from the level of town—as it were, from the window of a

secluded study. He seems to draw his inspiration, not from association with nature, but from hearsay. Hence arises that cold precision of expression, which limits all things, as it were, with possibility, and refuses to allow us to imagine anything more. We miss that sweet well-spring of tenderness which should gush from the poet's mind over all nature, endearing to us both himself and his productions, and awakening our attention to every the most trivial circumstance in nature, and throwing a halo around us. No. Mr. Tennyson has been courted, flattered, idealised, enshrined in men's minds as a poet, for writing a stanza like the following:

"Sure never yet was antelope
Could skip so lightly by;
Stand off, or else my skipping rope
Will hit you in the eye."

Remarkable—very. But still it strikes one that some one with far less pretension than Mr. Tennyson might have written it. He has, however, produced several pieces of great ability, from the merit of which it is not our intention to detract. "The Two Voices," for instance, breathes a pure spirit of truth through its lines, and the intention of the whole poem is fine. Much of poetry, too, may be met with in its course, but even here, now and then, a repetition from some former pieces smites on our ear. Yet it is freer from conceit, from vagaries, than almost any, and possesses many stanzas of rare beauty. He says.

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We have proposed in the course of this article to show on what the fame of Mr. Tennyson is founded, and, by giving specimens of what is so much admired, to en-

deavour to carry our readers along with us in the work of stripping this false prophet of his decorations. Mr. Tennyson's imagination has, as he hopes, supplied him with a means of rendering his productions somewhat distinct from all previous writers; and, therefore, in order to avoid the appearance of sameness, coins new words and new expressions, sometimes as entangled as any labyrinth or maze and as difficult to be seen through. We are compelled to pause and think and examine what the writer can mean. But this with some is a great recommendation—the obscure is the sublime; not to know what an author means is to be enraptured with him. At this, then, all writers should aim. Mr. Tennyson writes two songs addressed to the Owl, a specimen from each of which will charm our readers, we are convinced:

"When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Alone and warming his five wits,
The while owl in the belfry sits."

Now, second:

"I would mock thy chaunt anew,
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tu whoo,
Thee to woo to thy tu whit,
Thee to woo to thy tu whit,
With a lengthened loud halloo,
Tu whoo, tu whit, tu whit, tu whoo-oo."

Mr. Tennyson does not give us the date of these compositions; but it strikes us that they must have been written at a very early period of life, before inspiration dawned upon his mind—long before. A solemn dirge has been admired greatly, and that our readers may admire likewise, we give them the following:

"Thee nor carketh care nor slander;
Nothing but the small cold worm
Fretteth thine enshrouded form;
Let them rave;
Light and shadow ever wander
O'er the green that folds thy grave;
Let them rave ! ! ! !"

Through seven verses Mr. Tennyson rants in this manner, until we are wearied out, and then he stops short, without telling us what the people are to rave at, or what they have been raving at. Repetition is one of the elements of our author's popularity. In the ballad of "Oriana" he

strains this fancy to the utmost, and before we are half through, we are inclined to wish Oriana and Mr. Tennyson in the New World:

"My heart is wasted with my woe,
Oriana;
There is no rest for me below,
Oriana;
When the long dim wolds are ribb'd with
snow,
And loud the Norland whirlwinds blow,
Oriana;
Alone I wander to and fro,
Oriana."

Forty times more, in the course of the ballad, the name is repeated—yes, forty times. Had it occurred at the conclusion of each stanza, what now sounds ludicrous would have had a beautiful effect. As a poem, leaving out the endless repetition of the name, it is a fine thing. At first, persons are pleasingly struck with the affectation; but when they come to hear it read, or to read it aloud, we have heard the greatest panegyrists of Tennyson pronounce it "a little too much." The commencement of the "Merman" is remarkable!

"Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone,
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?"

Not we, surely, after such an invitation.

We do not find fault with persons for merely admiring Tennyson, but for not selecting such pieces as are really worthy of admiration as specimens. But when we hear him extolled as the greatest poet of the age, for writing a few rhymes which a schoolboy might blush at in his riper years, our indignation is roused not so much against the author as against those who can permit themselves to acknowledge the mediocrity of their own intellect, by professing enthusiasm and rapture for assuredly the worst things Mr. Tennyson has written, and those which display, in bolder relief, his peculiar idiosyncrasies, his strange fancies, his absurd conceits. Of all this class of compositions, "The Sisters" is the one for which the most rabid admiration is displayed. But our readers must remember that this poem will not bear reading, like any of Byron's, to one's self. To be properly appreciated,

admired, and raise the proper degree of enthusiasm, one must be careful to select from among the admirers of Tennyson, a person with a loud, rich, and musical voice, who will throw himself into the undertaking with all the fervour and enthusiasm of youth. The room must be under the influence of twilight, mysterious shadows must darken the wall, and the auditor must be prepared to listen to every word, to every intonation of voice, and the grandeur, the mystery, the sublimity of the poem will strike upon his fancy, and rivet his boundless admiration. If there be any sameness, the reader will change his voice to suit it, and thus nothing of this will appear.

"We were two daughters of one race;
She was the fairest in the face;
The wind is (with great force and expression) blowing in turret and tree;
They were together, and she fell;
Therefore revenge became me well.
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

In the next stanza the reader must be very careful to raise his voice when he comes to the word "howling," so as to imitate the sound indicated as near as possible.

"She died: she went to burning flame:
She mixed her ancient blood with shame:
The wind is HOWLING in turret and tree;
Whole weeks, and months, and early and late,
To win his love, I lay in wait;
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

We have not space to quote the whole poem. In the next verse, however, the wind is "roaring," then "raging," then "raving," but with this exquisite morceau in which the tenderness of woman is so admirably portrayed, we must present our readers.

"I rose up in the silent night;
I made my dagger sharp and bright;
The wind is raving in turret and tree,
As half asleep his breath he drew;
Three times I stabbed him thro' and thro';
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

"I curl'd and comb'd his comely head;
He look'd so grand when he was dead.
The wind is blowing in turret and tree;
I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet;
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

He looked so grand when he was dead!
Well? He looked so grand when he was

dead! What of that? We have been told to find sublimity in the line; we have heard it extolled as the finest expression in the language; as something which conveys the impression that Mr. Tennyson is a man of genius. Had he never written anything else, that one line would have been sufficient to stamp him as a poet. "He look'd so grand when he was dead!" No, it will not do. Nothing we can say or think will make us understand it in any other light than as a very common-place expression. But yet on this half his popularity depends. Rob him of this and you destroy his fame utterly. What grasp of mind is required to conceive so glorious an expression. "He looked so grand when he was dead." Then follow those sublime lines:

"I wrapt his body in the sheet,
And laid him at his mother's feet;
O, the Earl was fair to see!"

We leave the poem in the hands of Mr. Tennyson's panegyrists, satisfied that they never will or can convince us of its true worth. We are too dull to appreciate its beauty, too heavy of perception to understand its sublimity.

"O, strengthen me, enlighten me;
I faint in this obscurity."—Tennyson.

Occasionally our author selects a subject, and begins to rhapsodise thereon, but we never can tell when he is really approaching it. He never seems to make up his mind to do so, but "raves" on, while we feel ourselves all the time inquiring—"What is he driving at?"—"What does he mean?" In the "Ode to Memory," this is more especially observable. The word memory, it is true, occurs frequently, but what he wants to say about her we do not know, we cannot tell. He addresses pieces to imaginary characters, which, perhaps, may be understood by those more conversant with these mysteries, but they contain allusions of a too mystical nature for us.

"Mystery of mysteries,
Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine,
Nor unhappy, nor at rest,
But beyond expression fair,
With thy floating flaxen hair,
Thy rose lips and full blue eyes;
Take the heart from out my breast:
Wherefore those dim looks of thine,
Shadowy, dreaming Adeline?"

The poet concludes by asking the very

question we ourselves were about to put. What is the meaning of poor Adeline's dejection? No explanation is, however, vouchsafed us of the cause of Adeline's lifeless countenance.

"Looking at the set of day,
On a phantom two hours old,
Of a maiden past away,
Ere the placid lips be cold."

The "Dying Swan" is a pretty little piece. Mr. Tennyson occasionally presents us with a short poem of great merit, which he might, perhaps, had he chosen, have rendered very beautiful. There seems, however, to be something ever wanting; we are always struck by some abrupt ending. Our minds are left unsatisfied. In the "Lady of Shalott," a striking poem, full of sweet beauties and many fine descriptions, we painfully feel this. The legend is related but imperfectly, and the reader is left to imagine the meaning of the catastrophe as he pleases. This is a great pity, as it casts a shadow of imperfection over what is really otherwise very beautiful. We would extract from it, but that, in our opinion, unless our limits would permit us to give the whole, we should do Mr. Tennyson injustice, by presenting our readers with only a portion of a very able poem.

Poets are, we suppose, privileged to be in love with every one, or were not this the case we might feel inclined to express some wonder at the successive bursts of passionate admiration which our author lavishes on his imaginary lovers. His object, however, is to show that equal delight may be experienced in contemplating every particular kind of beauty, from the faintest tint of fair, to the darkest tint of the brunette. In this we perfectly agree with our author, and are, therefore, quite disposed to go along with him in his manifest admiration of "Airy Lilian," "Madonna like Isabel," "Poor Mariana," "Frowning Madeline," "Spiritual Adeline," "Imperial Eleanor," "Rare pale Margaret," and all the rest.

But Mr. Tennyson is by no means an impassioned man; it is contrary to his nature; he does not comprehend the true meaning of the word "impassioned." He, therefore, supplies the place with extravagance which he rightly conceived would, by the *oi polloi*, be mistaken by it. Let our

readers peruse the following passage, and say whether it does not seem to be the production of a madman rather than of any one in his sober senses.

"Soon
From thy rose-red lips MY name
Floweth; and then as in a swoon,
With dinning sound my ears are rife,
My tremulous tongue faltereth,
I lose my colour, I lose my breath,
I drink the cup of a costly death,
Brimm'd with delirious draughts of warm-
est life.
I die with delight, before
I hear what I would hear from thee;
Yet tell my name again to me;
I *would* be dying evermore,
So dying ever, Eleanor."

This sounds like frenzy to us, but we never advance an opinion of this kind without saying at the same time that we may be mistaken. Has Mr. Tennyson been dying ever since, and all this time been like the swan, uttering a few notes of rich melody just to give warning of his departure?

In the "Miller's Daughter," our author suffers a little nature to escape him. He throws aside for once his conceits and fancies, and indulges us with a sweet and simple picture of a country courtship and its results. The husband's reminiscences of the past, his deep and earnest attachment to his faithful wife, breathing forth in every line of the poem, the simplicity, the truthfulness of the feelings experienced, constitute its charm. The reader must not seek for grandeur, he must be content to suffer his imagination to dwell on a simple picture, simply yet truthfully sketched. We were greatly delighted with this piece, and only can express our wish that Mr. Tennyson would often break through the strong cords of affectation which bind him, and appear in his own true and natural colours. Man's own heart suggests better feelings than can be inspired by any other influence. The feelings are ever poetical. They spring neither from race nor station; they belong to no class. The beggar feels as keen a thrill of anguish, as she folds her arms round the cold form of her little child, whose spirit has passed away, even though rags have been its death covering, as the mother in a higher station who leans upon a sumptuous death-bed. The beggar's few tears may not linger, they have no business there. Ruder

thoughts and bitter sufferings brush away the more delicate and sensitive emotion of sorrow. If she indulges it she dies. She feels, by instinct, the force of the words—

“The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.”

Yet who will dare to deny the poetical nature of her feelings—who will venture to scorn the sorrow of the tattered woman, or say that it shall not be revered and respected?

The simplest subject may be rendered poetical, and Mr. Tennyson has succeeded in rendering our “Miller’s Daughter” a charming poem.

Mr. Tennyson, however, fails when he endeavours to create a female character. He has written a poem entitled, “The Lord of Burleigh,” which is as sickly a production as can well be imagined, in which he inculcates the maxim that where a man is born he must remain. To remove a man by gradual processes upward from a moderate station, is not practicable, or if practicable, the effect will be death. Our author supposes a lord in the guise of a village painter to woo a very beautiful girl, and in this incognito to marry her and carry her away. On her progress towards home, he shows her castles and grounds, and at last arriving at his own mansion, announces her as its mistress. Now we can imagine and forgive her feeling surprise at such a piece of information, but Mr. Tennyson says—

“All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin;
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within;
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove.”

The Lord of Burleigh treats his wife with all befitting gentleness:

“And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much,
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morning,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born.”

Certainly, of which she was not worthy. What woman of any capabilities is there who would not in such a time, if she really loved her husband, have risen to his level? Would she not have considered herself the equal of him who had made her by mar-

riage his equal in rank? Would she not have striven to do her duty? And would not her affection for her three children have stirred her to exertion? Undoubtedly. But no, with sickly sentimentality, she pines away:

“So she droop’d and droop’d before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore them,
Then before her time she died.”

The effect produced upon the mind by this poem is completely different from the one desired to be produced. Instead of being moved, we are only vexed with the fair heroine for being so ridiculously alive to false notions of the dignity conferred by mere conventionalities.

To accompany Mr. Tennyson through all his poems would be an undertaking for which we have not space. Our object has been, by passing a few both of the good and the bad in review, to appreciate his abilities correctly, by no means to depreciate his value, but to undeceive, if possible, those who now regard him as an idol, and to prevent others from repeating the absurd opinions so widely diffused amongst us, without reflecting upon the matter for themselves.

Mr. Tennyson has in him poetical germs, but he is not a poet. He will not become one. He displays no evidence of the sublimity and grandeur of soul necessary to the formation of such a man. But he has, perhaps, achieved his own object, and having published his two volumes of poetry, will rest content with the degree of notoriety which they may have procured for him.

Sketch of the Services of Lord Dundonald,

THE FAMOUS LORD COCHRANE.

Many events have occurred since we first sketched this article, which have caused us entirely to alter our plan, as what might have told before, would be superfluous now. We shall, therefore, dwell only on the distinguished services of this able seaman, who, under more fortunate auspices, might have outshone or rivalled Nelson or Blake.

Of his early life, little is known; but we know from his own account that he was rated captain’s boy on board of the *Vesuvius*, bomb vessel. Having acted in the

capacity of able seaman, midshipman, and lieutenant, on board several ships, he returned from a five years' station off the coast of North America, and joined the *Foudroyant*, flag-ship of Admiral Lord Keith, which was about to sail to the Mediterranean. He was then appointed acting captain of the prize-ship *Genereux*, of 74 guns, and, after surmounting many difficulties, carried her safely into Minorca. His conduct on this occasion was so satisfactory, that he was appointed commander of the *Speedy*, brig of war.

In this little vessel, Lord Cochrane performed some gallant exploits. Indeed, we feel convinced that no man, with the same means at his command, ever did so much. In the short space of fourteen months, during which time he commanded the *Speedy*, he took, burnt, or destroyed vessels of war, privateers, letters of marque, gunboats, and merchantmen, mounting together 122 guns; and during the same period he single-handedly retook nine vessels from the enemy, and, in company with other vessels, captured eleven more; not to mention numerous other hazardous undertakings, such as the storming of batteries and forts on the coast of Spain.

One action we must dwell on more in detail—a struggle unexaggerated in the whole annals of naval warfare. But before proceeding, we must remind our readers that the *Speedy* mounted but 14 small guns, four-pounders, with a crew of only 54 men and boys. The Spanish government, alarmed at the vigilant and energetic conduct of Captain Cochrane, and annoyed at the constant announcements of fresh losses through his means, despatched several large vessels, in order to intercept the *Speedy*. Among those vessels who were in quest of her was the *Gamo*, a frigate mounting 32 guns, with a crew of 319 men. Lord Cochrane being upon the look-out, perceived one day in the distance a large vessel; determined to discover whether it was a friend or a foe, he made no effort to avoid it, particularly as with closed ports it appeared to be a merchantman. But on arriving within hail, he was somewhat disconcerted to find that it was the *Gamo*, which had thus induced him to come within hail. From the peculiar build of the vessel, Lord Cochrane believed it to be of greater strength than it in reality was, and therefore was desirous, if possible, of avoiding an engagement. He, therefore, hung out Danish colours, and having dressed a man up in the uniform of that nation, sent him on deck. In answer to the Spaniards, he uttered some jargon which passed for Danish; but this did not perfectly satisfy the enemy, for it was perceived that they were lowering a boat in order to board our vessel. Some new expedient was neces-

sary; and before the boat reached the *Speedy*, one was found. Before the Spanish officer got alongside, he was very considerably informed that they had just quitted one of the Barbary ports, and should he come on board, the Spanish vessel would be subject to a long quarantine. Grateful for the information, the Spaniards pulled off, and in a short time the vessels parted company.

One would have imagined that the officers and men of the *Speedy* would have been very grateful for having escaped capture and a prison; but, on the contrary, they were eager to engage their mighty foe. Lord Cochrane, highly pleased with their spirit, promised to oblige them on the first opportunity. That opportunity was not long wanting; early next month the *Gamo* again came in sight, and the gallant little vessel gave chase. The Spaniards by no means attempted to escape, but bore down, and presently the action was commenced by the *Speedy*; broadside after broadside followed in quick succession, till at length the *Gamo*, finding that her opponent's little pieces did more execution than her heavy metal, determined to board. The men seized their swords, and the command was given, but the brig sheered off. Again the guns began to play hard; after forty-five minutes' fighting, Lord Cochrane found that his loss amounted to six or seven. This was serious, in so small a bind; and the English captain now conceived the bold idea of boarding the enemy's vessel. The numbers opposed to him were fearful; forty-five marines were showering down their leaden volleys, whilst two hundred and seventy seamen were ranged, cutlass and pike in hand, ready to oppose him. But to board was resolved on; and the *Speedy* immediately ran alongside of the frigate, which showed with startling effect the diminutive size of the English vessel. Undaunted by the number of the opponents, the tall, powerful British captain dashed into the midst of them; and being ably seconded by Lieutenant Parker and forty men, soon commenced a terrific conflict. For some time, its results were doubtful; till at length the impetuosity of the English prevailed, and the Spaniards were compelled to surrender.

On examining his prize, Lord Cochrane must have been struck with the wonderful success of his own action. The *Gamo* mounted 22 long twelve-pounders, 8 long-eights, and 2 twenty-four pounders. To serve these, were 274 men, besides 45 marines. Opposed to them was the *Speedy*, with 14 four-pounders, and 54 men. The Spaniards, however, did not give up without one hour's severe fighting, and until they had lost their commander, and

fifty-three men killed and wounded; while our loss amounted to three killed and eight wounded. Immediately after the conflict, Lord Cochrane was attacked by gun-boats from Barcelona; but in spite of his having prisoners who five times exceeded his own crew, he beat them off, and arrived safe with the *Gamo* in Minorca.

Soon after the capture of the *Gamo*, the *Speedy* and *Kangaroo* destroyed several forts and batteries, and sunk several armed vessels, superior in metal and men, and captured three or four brigs. These, however, were the last of his achievements on board his little brig, for on the 3rd of July, 1801, it was captured by the *Dessaix*.

In 1803, he commanded the *Arab*, of 22 guns, a heavy merchant-vessel, a bad sailer, and totally unfit for use. He was first employed in the blockade of Boulogne, and then sent to protect the northern fisheries.

In 1804, he commanded the *Pallas*, of 32 guns, and was employed in the blockade of Rochefort. Having observed two French brig-corvettes in the river Gironde, he despatched his boats to cut them out. One was too far up the river, but they succeeded in capturing the *Tapageuse*, though defended by a strong guard. Whilst the *Pallas* was waiting the return of her boats, three large ships were seen advancing. Lord Cochrane, although all his officers but the surgeon were absent, and he had no more than forty men on board, gave chase, and drove them on shore, where they soon became wrecks. They proved to be a brig of 18 guns, a corvette of 22 guns, and a frigate-built ship of 24 guns, laden with stores. In the same month, the *Pallas* was attacked by the *Minerve* of 40 guns, and three large brigs; but he compelled them to return under the cover of the batteries. He afterwards landed and destroyed in succession five different signal houses, and a battery of three long 36-pounders, spiked the guns, burnt the barracks, blew up the magazines, and pitched the shells into the sea.

After several skirmishes, the *Pallas* and *Minerve* came at length to a decisive action. The *Pallas* mounted 38 guns, and had a crew of 214 men and boys; the *Minerve*, 44 guns, and 330 men and boys. Nevertheless, although assisted by three brigs mounting 50 guns, and also by the heavy fire of the batteries, the *Minerve* would have fallen into our hands, had not the French admiral dispatched two frigates to her rescue. The *Pallas* then bore away, and being almost a wreck, was taken in tow by the *Kingfisher*.

On the 31st of July, 1808, while in command of the *Imperieuse*, 44 guns, he attacked the castle of Mongal, and captured it. In the following September, he landed with part of his crew, and attacked and

completely destroyed six of the principal French telegraphs on the coast of Languedoc, and burnt and blew up fourteen barracks, a battery, and a strong tower on the lake of Frontignan.

Early in November, a body of seven thousand French troops surrounded and commenced besieging the fort of Rosas. Capt. West, of the *Excellent*, 74 guns, threw himself with a party of marines and seamen into the citadel, defended it with great success, and made several sorties on the enemy, when our sailors had to contend with cavalry; in all these actions they greatly distinguished themselves. However, being relieved by the *Fame*, the *Excellent* left. In two days, the commander of the former ship, thinking it was useless to remain longer, withdrew the marines, and sailed away. The next day, Lord Cochrane arrived in the *Imperieuse*; he immediately went and examined the defences, particularly Fort Trinidad. He found that it contained a garrison of eighty dispirited Spaniards, who were about to surrender. He immediately threw himself into the fort with eighty men, and commenced repairing the breaches in the walls. The resources of this extraordinary man were boundless. Nothing appeared too difficult for him to accomplish. He astonished the Spaniards by his activity and energy. He filled a thousand bags with earth, and repaired the ditches, making palisadoes where they were required, and repairing breaches with old barrels. Five days after his arrival, the French, 1,200 strong, advanced to the attack; knowing the difficulty of the service, they were all picked men. To repulse these, Lord Cochrane had but 80 Englishmen, and the same number of Spaniards; although everything was there to discourage, shattered walls and exhausted men, he nevertheless repulsed them, killed their commanding officer and all who attempted to mount the breach, and drove them back with the loss of their storming equipage. As usual, Lord Cochrane's crew escaped without the loss of a man. Among those who distinguished themselves on this and several other occasions were Houston Stewart and Frederick Marryat. On the 5th of December Rosas capitulated; and finding that it would be useless and impracticable to hold Fort Trinidad against the whole French army, Lord Cochrane fired the magazines, and re-embarked his men.

The next point on which we shall touch is the important affair of the Basque Roads, which terminated Lord Cochrane's career as a British naval officer. Into the details of the case, particularly those that preceded it, we have no space to enter; but we may mention that the then first lord of

the Admiralty observed, "that Lord Cochrane was the only man that thought the attack on the French fleet practicable without the greatest danger to those who should engage in it." Having received the command to head the attack, the captain of the *Imperieuse* joined the fleet. The enemy were lying in a strong position, defended by a boom and heavy batteries. There were eleven sail of the line, several frigates, and about seventy-three boats; the latter were sent down to protect the boom. On the evening of the 11th of April, 1809, the *Imperieuse* weighed and stood in as near as possible to the enemy. Lord Cochrane then took the command of the explosion vessel, which had on board nearly 1,500 barrels of gunpowder, whilst the decks were loaded with shells and grenades. The enemy, expecting the attack, directed their concentrated fire on the fearful vessel that was advancing to the barrier; regardless of the showers of balls that flew around his head like hail, the captain guided his charge close up to the boom; then lighting the train, sprang on board his boat and pulled away: in ten minutes the fearful explosion took place, which burst the boom, and threw the shells around amongst the French vessels. The way was now clear for the remaining fire-ships; in their terror, the French cut their cables and drifted on shore. The scene during the night was of the grandest and most awful description. In the distance lay the formidable English fleet, whilst, protected by batteries and boom, the French lay in fancied security. Presently the igniting of the fire-ships, the bursting of explosion vessels, the constant discharges of the rockets from the rigging, the consternation of the French fleet, all tended to impress it indelibly on the minds of those present.

At the dawn of day, Lord Cochrane perceived that eight sail of the line were aground, in a helpless condition; he immediately communicated this to Lord Gambier. Observing no movement on the commander-in-chief's part, the gallant captain of the *Imperieuse* signalled that half the fleet could destroy the enemy; then observing that as the tide rose the French ships were righting themselves, he signalled that the frigates alone could destroy the enemy. Observing, however, that no attention was paid to him, and that most of the French ships were escaping, Lord Cochrane, without orders, set sail, and attacked the two remaining line-of-battle ships and the *Calcutta* of 50 guns. The latter single-handed he took, and so attacked the others that he prevented them escaping for the present; in this he was assisted by some brigs. With his small vessel it would have been impossible to do all the remaining work; our captain, there-

fore, signalled: "The enemy is superior to the chasing ship," and then, "The ship is in distress, and requires to be assisted immediately." This produced some effect. In the course of the subsequent proceedings, after being joined by a few frigates and two sail of the line, four of the French ships were destroyed. Had Lord Gambier attended to the signals of Lord Cochrane, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt but that the whole fleet might have been taken, or at least the principal part. We feel certain that had Lord Cochrane been the chief in command, he could with the fleet at Lord Gambier's disposal not only have destroyed the fleet in the Basque Roads, but have kept the whole coast of France in alarm, and compelled Napoleon to have recalled large armies to have defended his towns from aggression. For his conduct in this affair, Lord Cochrane was honoured with the order of the Bath—in no other instance, except one, had such honour been conferred on any officer under the rank of admiral.

Whilst speaking of the Basque Roads, we may quote the following from O'Meara's "Napoleon in Exile"—"I told Napoleon it was the opinion of a very distinguished naval officer, that if Cochrane had been properly supported, he would have destroyed the whole of the French ships. 'He would not only have destroyed them,' replied Napoleon, 'but he might and would have taken them out, had your admiral supported him as he ought to have done. For, in consequence of the signal made by L'Allemand to the ships to do the best in their power to save themselves, they became panic-struck, and cut their cables. The terror of the fire-ships was so great, that they actually threw their powder overboard, so that they could have offered very little resistance. They ought not to have been alarmed by your fire-ships, but fear deprived them of their senses, and they no longer knew how to act in their own defence.'"

In 1814, his uncle, Sir Alexander Cochrane, having been appointed naval commander-in-chief in North America, made him captain of his ship, the *Tonnant*; but unfortunately for his country and for himself, a fraud was perpetrated at this time on the Stock Exchange, which might for an instant be attached to Lord Cochrane. The ministry eagerly seized this opportunity of revenge, and by the most foul and unworthy means procured a verdict against him. Into this, however, we shall not at present enter. The government have just shown their sense of his innocence, by restoring to Lord Cochrane (now Lord Dundonald, by the death of his father) all the honours of which he was deprived; but nothing can restore to him

the life of neglect. We shall perhaps on a future occasion advert to his services in America, when, slighted by his country, he sought employment for his mighty energies in the wide field opened to him there, where he founded a republic and established an empire. We cannot but regret that his naval ability, inferior to none of England's heroes, was not suffered to be developed; for had he been placed in a proper position, we feel assured that he would have acted with the same decision, promptitude, and success, in great undertakings, as he ever showed in inferior positions. It is now fifty-four years since he first entered the navy as a youth; but he still possesses that vigour of body and mind which are the great requisites for a naval hero. There can be no one who has read of his services, but what must be convinced, as we are, that the government can in no better or safer way repair the neglect which he has suffered, the injuries he has no nobly endured, than by investing him with some important command, where calm and steady courage, joined with immense experience and unrivalled judgment, are required.

Reviews.

Byways of History. By Mrs. Percy Sinnet. In 2 vols. London, Longman. [Second notice.]

The first volume of this work was, as we have hinted in a previous notice, devoted to an explanation of the state of Germany preceding the outbreak of the great popular insurrection, an account of its institutions, castles, &c. &c. We now pass on to the second volume, which contains the descriptions of the war itself, the grievances which gave it birth, and the means by which it was carried on. Mrs. Sinnet remarks, with much truth, upon the cavalier way in which some historians have sought to dismiss the subject of the insurrection, as they would have done a popular tumult which had but lasted a day, and sets them an example by herself going into minute details, which are necessary to the perfect understanding of the origin and causes of the outbreak of the populace—the nobles being spared at the expence of the peasantry. In many relations of what took place, the violence of the latter has been exaggerated to cover the tyranny of the first; but Mrs. Sinnet impartially relates the whole events, though she suffers us to perceive that her sympathies lean to the side of the people, as it is but right they

should, since they were the injured and oppressed party. Could it, indeed, have been anticipated that they were patiently to endure a tyranny which ground them to the earth without raising a murmur against it? At the outset, however, they displayed considerable moderation; they made the most reasonable demands, they groaned under the pressure of grievances, and they asked for their redress. Nor did they manifest impatience. They waited the result of protracted negotiation, they bore with every delay, until they could endure no more, and tried every method of legal redress open to them, before they took up arms in absolute despair of any other remedy. The peasant war, though not occupying more than six months, arose from causes that stretch far back into the grey dawn of modern history, and was the result of the accumulated wrongs of many ages. The peasantry of Germany, reduced from a free people to a state of servitude, could not be expected tamely to submit at once, and out of this reduction the insurrection sprang. Their amusements were interrupted, opposed, while in the higher classes every kind of relaxation was encouraged and carried to an extraordinary extent. But our space is limited; we can but point briefly to the valuable contents of this book. The second volume is indispensable to the student of history; and as we have in our previous notice most strongly recommended it to their attention, we again repeat our recommendation, and urge it upon our readers' attention. Mrs. Percy Sinnet has proved herself, in the "*Byways of History*," to be a very able woman. She treats her subject with vigour and masculine energy.

The Three Cousins; a Novel. By Mrs. Trollope, author of "*Father Eustace*," "*Young Love*," &c. In 3 vols. London, Colburn.

It is a fatal mistake for writers to suppose that because, whether by the display of their talent in the production of fiction, history, or poetry, they may have succeeded in earning some degree of reputation, therefore, they may go on for ever digging in the same mine, and never give symptoms of having exhausted the store which nature has given them. It is not without regret that we observe symptoms of decay in the power of any writer, who has often excited our warmest approbation; and, therefore, it would be more pleasing to us to ascribe to any cause, rather than exhaustion, the evident failure which Mrs. Trollope has made in the work before us. That it is a failure, no one will attempt to

deny. It is a mere reproduction of former ideas, possessing in its plot no elements of originality, save those which arise out of the most unwarrantable outrages of common probability. We can safely say that there is not one character in the "Three Cousins" which will not be found, in some parts or other of the narrative, wanting in nature, individuality, in distinctness, in able colouring. It is true that with Mrs. Trollope's unlimited command over language, she cannot fail to present something when she sketches an individual, which seems to convey the idea of a living person to our imagination, but let the reader pause and examine into the matter, and he will discover that we have, instead of traits of real character, a few deceptive touches from Mrs. Trollope's imagination, the like of which are not to be found in nature. It would have been a far more gratifying task to us, could we have, on the present occasion, awarded to this able authoress the praise which we have before been justified in giving to her productions. But she has, undoubtedly, fallen into the error of imagining that because she has done well she will never be able to do otherwise. Our notice of the book before us will amply testify that we consider her to display symptoms of exhaustion, and our advice is, therefore, that she should cease to write, or only do so at long intervals, after having taken time to perfect a plot, to imagine new *dramatis personæ*, to originate fresh scenes, but within the bound of nature. The chief, we had almost said the only desire of the authoress in the "Three Cousins," is to inspire the reader with a profound interest in the fate and fortunes of the Lexington family, whose chief characteristics and recommendation are, be it remembered, an unerring appreciation of music which the whole world might envy; voices which were never equalled in or out of the globe for sweetness, richness, power, variety, flexibility, ease, &c., and an outline of feature so marked, so *distinguished*, so aristocratic, that were two cousins of the hundredth degree to meet midway between the two worlds, or in the wilds of Africa, the deserts of Arabia, or excavating gold in the Ural mountains, having never even met before, they would immediately recognise one another as kindred, and rush into each other's arms, with the mutual exclamation, "Stranger, you are a Lexington!" Sir Joseph Lexington is intended to be a strange character, and Mrs. Trollope succeeds in her attempt to make him one. He is an artful, dogged, mischievous, revengeful man, who can be generous, who can be good, who affects to be guided by the strictest principles of honour to a woman whom he has seduced, to whom he sacrifices the good name of his wife, the legiti-

macy of his only child even after the death of the unfortunate countess he had run off with, and for forty years brings up his son, gives him a superior education, but ill-treats him in every possible way, does everything but curse him. Well and why is this? What moral is Mrs. Trollope endeavouring to exemplify? What is the secret spring which governs these actions? We find none. And to make it worse, as the old man approaches nearer the grave, he suffers it to be perceived that he loves the young man—has loved him all the time. Why did he conceal the love? What object, since he also loved the mother, could he have had in ill-treating him? The only real touch of nature which went to our hearts was contained in the paragraph which describes the old man gazing unperceived upon his suffering son, who after a severe accident seems to be at that moment approaching the vestibule of death. We pause awhile to contemplate this picture, pleased and gratified, but are again suffered immediately to lose sight of it in the mass of frivolous nonsense which follows. Laura the heroine is a young lady intended as the type of a true Lexingtonian beauty, who boasts a cream-coloured complexion, with a yellow tinge over it. Whether this is intended as an additional attraction, we cannot tell. Certain it is that she must be supposed—or, as the little children say, we must "make believe," that she is the incarnation of loveliness, the observed of all observers. She possesses, in fact, that peculiar style of beauty which the pen of man or woman either fails to represent, which our imagination must be content to conceive, for writers now-a-days do not condescend to be intelligible or minute on these points, so that, in fact, we perceive only a stray feature or two, like an eye, a nose, an arm, or a splendid portion of apparel, floating through the pages from beginning to end. There is, however, a sort of veil of rapturous language thrown over the whole, so that, dazzled by this, young ladies must imagine that she is a being too far removed in beauty from anything upon this wicked earth, to suffer it to be possible for the fairest amongst the fair to compete with her. It is impossible utterly. We defy any of our fair readers to show us a Lexingtonian eye, or forehead, or nose, or mouth. It could not be done. Having conveyed a pretty accurate account of the person of the heroine, let us now turn to her mental qualifications. The only trait of character she exhibits consists in telling a young lord that he cannot sing properly, which, from a Lexington, was very severe censure, it must be confessed. Charmed with this decision of mind, the young Lord immediately falls in love; and we suppose that

Laura, being satisfied with the conquest she had thus made through the display of her energy and vigour of intellect, resolved to show no more evidence of life; for it is a fact that she remains perfectly inanimate to the rest of the story. But the reader could scarcely anticipate that after such exertions she should again hazard the strength of her constitution. Lord Brittington, who constitutes really the only attempt at a natural character in the book, is a fine fellow, with very noble impulses, in whom we forgive a little youthful snuciness, and his not singing in true Lexingtonian style. Frederic Lexington is a tall, pale, interesting individual, with deep, melancholy eyes, who glides away behind screens, leans against pillars, turns frequently pale as ashes, occasionally ventures an observation, but continues nevertheless to inspire Laura with a vast idea of his intellectual powers. The processes by which he contrived to make her feel this, Mrs. Trollope of course does not attempt to describe. This is carried on in the background. But certain it is that young ladies will be in great danger if they suffer their eyes to dwell long upon the portrait of the pale, long, calm, intellectual Frederic Lexington. Mrs. Cobhurst is a flirt; Mrs. Morrison a good-natured, fussy individual, a little inconsistent; and Harriet Lennox a very pretty, fair girl, at whose characteristics we must also guess, introduced, it is evident, for the purpose of reconciling Lord Brittington to life after the ghost-like Laura has rejected him. The incidents of the novel consist in several dinner parties, an archery meeting, Mrs. Cobhurst's toilette, and two young men lapsing over a ditch, in which undertaking one breaks his arm while endeavouring to save the life of his friend. These original incidents have, our readers will perceive, not often been touched on in novels, and of course their originality must greatly add to their desire to peruse the work. The principal ex-crescence is the introduction of a young child of three years old, who gives utterance to the most revolting blasphemies, while it is self-evident that he could scarcely lisp the words. Never was Mrs. Trollope's want of taste more displayed than on this occasion. How any lady could bring herself to pen oaths and curses so disgusting as she has placed in the mouth of this poor infant, we cannot tell. Certain it is that we turned, as all who read the book must turn, from the picture with horror and silent disgust. Were such children in existence among the classes Mrs. Trollope is endeavouring to describe, it cannot serve any wholesome purpose to present young ladies and young people in general with oaths and expres-

sions of which it were better they did not know the existence. The father of the heroine is a complete failure as a character. He, like Sir Joseph, is as unnatural to his daughter as he can be conceived; so much so, indeed, that he does not know her by sight. We trust that if Mrs. Trollope should attempt another novel, she will find plot, character, incidents, and scenes, of a less cobweb texture.

Ranthorpe. London, Chapman and Hall.

In order that a man's fame, as a novelist, may endure not only through the present passing generation, but until another, it is necessary that he should aim at producing real pictures of life. And not only aim, we may add, but succeed in producing them. To accomplish this, a writer must be in the world, mix in its pleasures and its frivolities also to a certain extent, must be alive to the peculiar idiosyncracies of every man against whom he jostles in the great living mass, must have shrewd observation at work, must possess too a keen relish for the peculiar traits and weaknesses which form the back-ground of every character, and must, in short, never rest content with pictures created in the recesses of the mind, conjured up only by a fanciful imagination, and suggested by no real experience, but that alone which our minds faintly produce for us, by an effort of their own. It is not, cannot be sufficient for any one to portray unsubstantial visions, as is now too much the fashion. In this extremely practical age, the mind, with an appetite rendered keen by laborious undertakings, requires more solid food, and every work betraying any evidence of a capability to supply the necessary nourishment, is welcomed with avidity by the reading public. Hence the success which has attended "*Ranthorpe*." It is a book which men may read and profit by. It is not addressed merely to the heroines of the scent bottle and the fan. It will have no charms for them, for though there be true and deep feeling in "*Ranthorpe*," it is by no means sentimental. We cherish an intense abhorrence for sentimental novels—those, we mean, which, appealing to no real feelings, address themselves to the artificial ones created by the absurd usages of society. From the perusal of the work before us, therefore, we rose with singular pleasure; we were deeply interested in its story, struck with the power and nervous energy of the author's style, and convinced, at the same time, that it is the production of a mind capable of the highest undertaking in this department of literature. The author has studied the world, or rather the phases of society, acutely, and made the most of his observations; he has

pierced its hollowness, glanced through its deceptive illusions, and has learned to look upon it from the level of a philosopher. His experience has been widely extended, and his descriptions of life bear, therefore, the impress of truth upon them. And this is saying a great deal. For what endures longer than truth? The author of "Ranthorpe" possesses the power of conceiving many varied shades of character. Having once imagined a certain idea of a person, he endeavours to bestow on him a consistency, which individualises him throughout the work; and the resemblance to nature is thus preserved. His *dramatis personæ* are not shadows, unsubstantial and unreal, distinguished from one another by names alone; but in "Ranthorpe" every man is distinct in himself—each is alive, each moves and breathes through the pages, performs his allotted part, and though the characters are grouped in every possible way, we never run any danger of confounding one with the other. The hero, Ranthorpe himself, is a powerfully portrayed character, whom the author, however, is far from intending to be a perfect specimen of human nature. We can imagine such a person, understand the influence under which he acts; but he frequently loses our affection by his wavering, and, we must call it, selfish conduct. He is sketched a poet at the outset, yearning for fame, and certain that his desire will be accomplished, if his productions be ever enabled to see the light. The peculiarity of his position, the misfortunes which overtake him, the bitter lessons which adversity teaches, his struggles with circumstances, the dangers which threaten him, and which creep quietly at his heels, menacing to overtake him at last—all create a powerful interest, which presses us on until we learn the catastrophe. We are hurried on, by the course of events, with breathless rapidity. Every fresh scene ministers to our enjoyment, and bespeaks, as it were, fresh power in the mind of the author. We are anxious for the hero's fate, but are almost inclined to exclaim that he did not deserve it. Yet if we come to reflect upon the matter, we shall perceive that the author has very felicitously balanced the position of both hero and heroine. Neither comes up to the ideal perfection which ordinary novelists are so fond of proposing as their models, without reflecting that the nearer they approach to that standard, the farther they are removed from nature. Ranthorpe and Isola, however, are human, and possess many of the faults incident to humanity. From the outset, we feel that our hero is far from being the person on whom we could feel at once deep affection.

We could derive pleasure from his society, feel gratified by his conversation, admire his genius, but having obtained the insight into his heart afforded us by our author, we perceive too much of self, too great a stoicism when others are suffering, too fluctuating and too undetermined a will, to enable us to afford him the deep respect with which we could have wished to look upon him. We have to learn to love him. And yet we find, on examination, that in vanity originates his every fault. In the worship of self we discover the key to each feeling. Vanity renders him even heartless on some occasions. Having, however, passed through his trials, having been purified in the crucible of adversity, if we can imagine him rising superior to his besetting sin, and shaking off the mist from his eyes, which permits him now only to observe narrowly those things moving within the small circle of self, and does not suffer his gaze to penetrate to those thousand other circles ever forming on the great ocean of life, which rise and spread until their confines are lost in the boundless universe of space—if, we say, we imagine him thus emancipated, we then come to the conviction, that having been tried, he will have learnt from his bitter lessons, that to be happy and to confer happiness, the soul of a man must yearn after something more than mere self-love. Such, indeed, would we conceive our author's intention to have been. The object with which he plunges the too ambitious Ranthorpe into every kind of misfortune, seems to be, by the conclusion, to show such men how shallow is the breath which buoys them up, and that it will not lead them to any true haven, but suffer them at last to sink to the same level from which they rise. True genius cannot be restrained to any particular point. It must and will rise and place its possessor in his real position at last. We felt that Ranthorpe was destined, at the outset, to enlist our patience rather than our love. He requires our forgiveness many times. And yet he commits no crime. He will do nothing mean. His faults spring out of his weakness rather than his will. It was a bold venture in the author to create such a hero, and he deserves infinite credit for having succeeded in the manner he has done. Isola is a beautiful, enthusiastic, and generous-minded girl, who wins greatly upon us in all the glimpses we obtain of her. Yet in one instance she falls short of our ideal of such a woman's mind. Strongly as she had loved and did love Ranthorpe, it is impossible for us to reconcile to our imagination the fact of her accepting the advances of another. No doubt the author had a purpose to serve in this, but in our conception

Isola would have retained in a greater degree our admiration, excited by many fine traits in her character, had she rejected Harry Cavendish. A pure, lofty-minded woman, such as Isola is intended to be, would never, could never have been betrayed into the contemplation of a *mariage de convenance*. As it is, however, the author suffers us to console ourselves with the reflection that there is on both sides something to forget in the past. Both have swerved slightly in their allegiance, and are thus rendered equal. The husband cannot contemplate with the same remorseful feelings his affection for Florence Wilmington, and his consequent faithlessness for a time to Isola, as he would have done had she remained in that perfect and strict seclusion from participation in the world's feelings, which we conceive that, at the period of her first separation from Ranthorpe, she intends to adopt. We have been engaged hitherto with the hero and heroine, and have scarcely therefore permitted ourselves full space to speak of the remaining characters. Some of them are original and bold conceptions, portrayed we feel from life. We almost fancy that we recognise their very originals amongst the limits of our own circle. Harry Cavendish, dissipated and idle as he is portrayed at the commencement, is nevertheless a person whom we are disposed at once to like from the charming frankness and openness of his character, and that sort of instinctive love of virtue which is only sufficient at first to keep him from the commission of glaring sin, yet is developed afterwards as he grows in years, until at last it enables him to rise above the petty pleasures of sense, and find delight in the discharge of the nobler duties belonging to the condition of man in society. The scene in which he figures after the murder, and the determination he evinces to track the true culprit, the novel and admirable manner in which he sets to work, are most skilfully portrayed; and we never in fact remember to have perused in any novel for years passages of greater vigour, and possessing greater vitality, if we may so speak, than all those connected with the murder and its consequences. If there be a dash of improbability, it lies in the escape of the murderer, and the manner in which it is effected. A powerful interest is here awakened in the fate of the suspected assassin, who is no other than our hero Ranthorpe. But how he is saved from his impending fate, our readers must learn for themselves. The author excels no less in those parts where he touches upon domestic scenes, and the interior economy of those homes where all outwardly seems but peace and happiness. The graphic little episode con-

nected with Florence, the flirt, and her husband, in which he remains lingering in the room determined to read a letter she is writing, and she as resolved that he shall not see it, is really admirable. This we should, did our limits permit, be inclined to extract. Our author is again at home describing the struggles of Ranthorpe as a dramatist to obtain a hearing for his play; indeed, it would be difficult to say in describing which kind of life he best succeeds. The conviction, however, impressed upon our mind, on rising from the perusal of the work is, that its author possesses in him the germs necessary to make a great and powerful writer of fiction. He will most undoubtedly succeed, if such be his aim, bearing in mind the recollection that to have done well is not to do well. It will be necessary to sustain the reputation once gained, and not only to sustain, but make it spread and enlarge. And this can only be done by bestowing upon each several production the same care, the same amount of reflection and patient investigation of the peculiarities of the human character, as the author of "Ranthorpe" gives evidence of having now done. We have felt inclined to enlarge our critique to a greater length than we are accustomed to, because of the interesting nature of the work on which we are engaged in pronouncing judgment. We have seldom perused a novel possessing deeper interest for a reflecting mind than "Ranthorpe." Every one will read it, almost all will admire, and its success is therefore in a measure secured. To our own circle of readers, we can only say that if they have not already done so, they must procure the book, as they will infallibly derive more gratification from this one volume than from a dozen or two of others lately published of a kind we could mention.

Notes of the Month.

USE OF FLOWERS.

There is nothing in the whole paraphernalia of a lady's ball, opera, or dinner-dress, about which we are more fastidious than her bouquet, since there is nothing which imparts a greater finish, if we may use the term, to the whole.

We love flowers; and no splendid jewel, no coronet of pearl, no diamond tiara, ever conferred on a woman's head a finer charm than that bestowed by a few natural flowers carelessly dispersed amongst clustering chestnut curls, or jetty braids of hair. We could wish it were more the fashion to resort to these ornaments, fresh from the hand of nature, laden with

choicest perfume, which no art can emulate, and displaying a bloom and glow unrivalled by all the united efforts of the most exquisite *artistes*, beautiful as their productions often are. These remarks have, however, been suggested by some specimens lately submitted to us of a new style of bouquet, either for the hand, the hair, or the bosom, invented by Mons. Ragonot. They are really surprisingly beautiful in their effect. The flowers are arranged with such regularity, the colours of all harmonise so well, the united perfume is so delicious, that one cannot fail to admire the taste of the inventor. The principal novelty, however, of this style of bouquet consists in the fact that, instead of fading, as most of them do, the instant they are exposed to the confined atmosphere of a ball-room or theatre, they preserve their freshness unimpaired during the whole evening. The secret of their preservation lies, of course, with Mons. Ragonot, but on examination we discovered each leaf to be actually threaded, as it were, upon a wire, which is connected again with a stalk or branch. But the whole is so delicately contrived that so far from betraying the mechanism which supports it, we seem to gaze upon a nosegay which had sprung into existence of itself as it were. We trust that the bouquets will meet with the patronage they deserve, since the idea does infinite credit to the taste and imagination of the inventor, Mons. Ragonot.

PERSIAN PAINTING.

We have just made another visit to the studio of Mr. T. R. King, of Islington, the inventor of a new and highly interesting style of painting; and as we are frequently asked what is meant by "Persian Painting," we think it right to lay before our readers some of the observations we made. Mr. King's invention is one of the greatest importance to those who wish to embody their ideas on canvas or paper; he has succeeded in simplifying the art of colouring to such a degree, that any one with a taste for the art, seeing him produce one of his beautiful pictures, can have no difficulty in reproducing a *fac simile*. His paintings in this style possess all the depth of oil, with the clearness, brilliancy, and transparent peculiarity of water colours, without the dirt and disagreeable smell of the one, and the difficulty of execution inseparable from both. Some of the subjects we said were of large dimensions, others so small as to be enclosed in locketts and brooches; and the perfect success which is manifest in both extremes, proved to us that Mr. King's invention is not only adapted to large works when effect only is required, but is capable of the most minute and elaborate finish.

In short, the Persian Painting secures that which in art has long been a desideratum, viz., breadth of light and shadow with perfect smoothness. We saw also many specimens which had been produced by Mr. King's pupils of great merit, which fairly convinced us that he could in three lessons teach the art of colouring *fairly and legitimately without any mechanical process*. Before we went we had our doubts on this point, but after seeing what has been done by those who have been under his instruction, we can no longer retain our scepticism. As we have not space to go into more lengthy description, we can only refer our readers to Mr. King himself, who, we have no doubt, will be happy to give them every information on the subject.

MADAME TUSSAUD.

Pope Pius IX.—Madame Tussaud is, almost without exception, the most indefatigable manager we remember. No sooner does any person come before the public, and engage its attention, than she instantly gives us a representation of the man. The curiosity of the whole civilised world is at present excited by the conduct of Pope Pius, and all enlightened men are looking forward with anxiety to the ultimate result of his reforms. For ages Rome has groaned beneath a terrible ecclesiastical tyranny, and few have been the moments of enlightenment. Now, however, a brighter era appears to be opening, and we sincerely hope that we may not be disappointed in the character of the new reformer. The movement has commenced, which, if judiciously supported, may ultimately place Italy in its right position, and enable her to rank in the scale of nations. Every reform must tend to weaken the withering influence of Austria. These remarks have been suggested by a visit to Madame Tussaud's exhibition, which is certainly one of the most interesting in the metropolis. The figure which particularly interested us was Pope Pius; his face exhibits much of his character; there is so much ingenuousness and firmness expressed in his countenance—he almost looks himself. His dress is of the most magnificent description. The lace drapery is of the most exquisite quality; indeed, his whole appearance is striking, and cannot fail to arrest the attention of the visitors. The best time to visit the exhibition is in the evening, when the brilliancy of the lights sheds a lustre round the figures, and shows to advantage the noble dimensions of the vast hall. Those who have often visited the exhibition will agree with us, that every time there is something to interest, some feature which we did not before observe, or something new to attract our attention.

INDEX.

- A Story of Reval, 166
 Abd-el-Kader, or the Caves of Daira. By Stuart Farquharson, 103
 Adelphi Theatre, 76, 277
 Advertising, American, 340
 Ancient Greece, Education in, 19
 Ancient Jerusalem, Model of, 342
 April, by Edmund Ollier, 237
 Arethusa, Pilgrimage to the Fountain of, 297
 Astley's Theatre, 76, 279
 Azores, Lava Cultivation of, 309

 Bard's Imagery, the, 338
 Barnard Castle, 157
 Bath Fifty Years Ago, by William Wise, 250
 Battle of Life, by Charles Dickens, 53
 Battle of Seminars, by Acletos, 374
 Belfast Ladies' Association for the Relief of Irish Destitution, 277
 Bell's Comedy of Temper, 351
 Bells of the New Year, the, by Fanny E. Lacy, 53
 Better Times, by Frances Brown, 92
 Birmingham Parliamentary Society, 67
 Birmingham Polytechnic Institution, 68
 Birmingham Mercantile and Literary Institute, 214
 Black Prince, Tomb of, by Stuart Farquharson, D.C.L., 254
 Black Prophet, 269
 Blind Man's Banquet, the, 115
 Book of the Dead, a Legend of All Hal-
 lows Eve, 267
 Borneo, or Kalamantan, 341
 Boulogne-sur-Mer, by Capt. H. B., 384
 Brunelli's Model of Jerusalem, 342
 Burials in Towns, 71
 Byways of History, by Mrs. Percy Sinnet,
 338, 403

 Caged Bird, the, by D. E. Jerrold, 225
 Cambridge, Notes on, by an Undergra-
 duate, 366
 Carthage, Ruins of, 265
 Castle of Ehrenstein, by G. P. R. James,
 210
 Cinderella, or the Little Glass Slipper, by
 F. E. Lacy, 43
 City of Westminster Literary and Scienti-
 fic Institution, 213
 Charter of the Society of British Artists,
 277
 Christmas Books and New Year's Gifts:
 "Battle of Life," by Charles Dickens, 53
 "The Fireside," by P. B. St. John, 55
 "Partners for Life," by Camilla Toul-
 min, 57
 "Christmas in the Olden Time," by John
 Mills, 58
 "The Musical Almanac," 58
 "Christmas Carols," 58
 Chronicles of the Fleet, by Charles Row-
 croft, 61
 Cochrane, Lord (now Lord Dundonald)
 Sketch of his Services, 399
 Cogers' Hall, 150
 College of Preceptors, 69
 Colossal Candelabrum, 214
 Concerning Sir Hugh Asham's Disbelief
 in Ghosts, and what it led to, by Ed-
 mund Ollier:
 Chap. 1. The Plot, 257
 " 2. The Summer House, and what
 was seen there during the
 night, 259
 " 3. A Retrospect, 328
 " 4. Night of October 26, 1707, 330
 Concert at City Lecture Theatre, 152
 Concert, 279
 Cosmorama, Regent Street, 343
 Counsels to Young Men, 65

- Curiosities of the Azores, 309
 Curiosities of American Advertising, 341
- Death Watch, the, a Fantastic Tale, by John Oxenford, 39
 Deeds of Darkness; a Sweeping of a By-gone Age, 358
 Diorama, Regent's Park, 343
 Disagreeable Lodger, the, by Fanny E. Lacy, 175
 Discussion Societies of London, the, 150
 Don Quixote de la Mancha, 64
 Drawing Book, the, 64
 Drury Lane, 74
 Dundonald, Lord (the famous Lord Cochrane) Sketch of his Services, 399
 Duty of Hope, the, by John A. Heraud, 172
 Dyaks, Languages of, 341
 Dyson's Drawing Book, 64
- EAGLE'S NEST (THE), OR THE LONE STAR OF THE WEST**, by Percy B. St. John:
 Chap. 17. The Towachine Lake, 58
 " 18. Alice and Blackhawk, 251
 " 19. A Sortie, 320
 " 20. The Onslaught, 323
 " 21. Skull Creek, 326
- Education in Ancient Greece, 19
 Education of the Middle Classes, 213
 Education of the Middle Classes, by James Wharton, M.A., 268
 Education of Females, by John A. Heraud, 225
 Emigrant, the, by Sir F. B. Head, 60
 Ethiopian Serenaders, 75
 Evils and Benefits of the Irish Famine, 235
- Female Education, by J. A. Heraud, 225
 Financial History of England, by Thomas Doubleday, 333
 Fire at Manilla, 342
 Fire at Jedo, 342
 Fireside, the, by P. B. St. John, 55
 Fortunes made by Advertising, 277
 Fountain of Arethusa, 297
 French Embroidery, 68
 Fruit-Gatherers, by Fanny E. Lacy, 247
- General Kalerges, Memoir of, 46
 Gentleman of the Old School, the, by G. P. R. James, 336
 George Lovel, by J. Sheridan Knowles, 269
 Great Oyer of Poisoning, by And. Amos, 62, 140
- Gossip about Patent Medicines, Old and New:
 Sketch 1. Empirical Remedies of our Forefathers, 187
 Sketch 2. Quackery in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, 263
 Great Fire at Manilla, 342
- Habakkuk Sallenbacha, or the Merchant of Jericho, 27, 97
 Haymarket Theatre, 76, 276
 Her Majesty's Theatre, 215, 279
 Hewlett's Life and Writings, 254
 High-Nosed Jews and Flat-Nosed Franks, 281
 History of Philosophy, the, 36
 Hope, Duty of, by J. A. Heraud, 172
 Horse and his Rider, by R. Springfield, 143
 Hours of Thought, by J. S. Hardy, 338
 Human Teeth, 65
- Idolatry of the Voice, 345
 Illustrated Musical Almanac, 58
 Irish Famine, Evils and Benefits of, 235
 Italian Opera, the, 153
- Japan, latest from, 341
 Jenny Lind; or, the Idolatry of the Voice, 345
 Jerusalem, model of, 342
 Judith and Holofernes, by F. E. Lacy, 224
- King's Persian Painting, 214
 King Charles I, by Arthur Gurney, 332
 King's Highway, the, by G. P. R. James, 145
- Lady's Guide to Epistolary Correspondence, by Mrs. Maxwell, 65
 Lament of Andromache over the Dead Body of Hector, 319
 Languages of the Dyaks, 341
 Latest from Japan, 341
 Lava Agriculture of the Azores, 309
 Lawyer's Complaint, the, by Sir J. M., 243
 Lays and Songs of Rome, 147
 Lilly Dawson, Story of, by Mrs. Crowe, 270
 Life and Writings of Hewlett, 254
 Life Assurance Offices, 44
 Life Assurance, 190
 Life Assurance, by Jenkin Jones, 65, 141
 Lindsay Sloper's Soirées, 280
 Literary, Scientific, and Educational Resources of English Towns.—No. 1. Birmingham, 215



- Lloyd's Coffee House, by John A. Heraud, 109
 London, Discussion Societies of, 150
 Lyceum, 75
 Madame Tussaud's Exhibition, 152, 261, 408
 Manila, Fire at, 342
 Mary Whitfield's Last Night, 201
 Mercantile and Literary Institute of Birmingham, 68
 Mercantile College, 149
 Memoir of General Demetrius Kalerges, 46
 Memoir of a Physician, 236
 MISER'S WILL; OR, LOVE AND AVARICE, by Percy B. St. John:
 Book I.
 Chap. 1. Number Seven, 1
 " 2. A Mystery in London Streets, 6
 " 3. Shadows of Evil, 9
 " 4. In which two principal characters are described, 12
 " 5. Night Haunts, 15, 77
 " 6. Number Seven appears in a new region, 79
 " 7. Frederick Wilson at Home, 82
 " 8. A Bachelor's Breakfast, 86
 Book II.
 Chap. 1. Mrs. Lewis, 88
 " 2. Secrets worth knowing, 153
 " 3. Preparation for a Siege, 155
 " 4. Miss Cordelia Pointer's Great Stroke, 157, 217
 " 5. A Night Adventure, 222
 " 6. The Discovery, 290
 " 7. The Miser's Will, 293
 " 8. The Newspaper Advertisements, 295
 " 9. The Lawyers, 376
 " 10. Mrs. Cartwright at Home, 377
 " 11. The Murder, 379
 " 12. The Will, 381
 Mistakes, by E. M., 238
 Model of Ancient Jerusalem, 342
 Monetary History of England, by Thomas Doubleday, 333
 Money Bag, the, by J. A. St. John, 304
 Moon, the, 116
 Mother Goose and the Golden Egg, by F. E. Lacy, 116
 Mr. McQuillen, by Frances Brown, 49
 Mutineer, the, by Edmund Ollier, 169
 Mutual Life Assurance Society, 215
 Mysterious Proceedings, by F. E. Lacy, 133
 My Uncle's Diary, by Ion, 123, 193
 Nabob's Arrival, the, by Fanny E. Lacy, 353
 New Naval Station and Commercial Emporium, 276
 New Quarterly Review, 337
 New Year's Omen, the, by Frances Brown, 16
 North of England Sketch Book and Magazine, 143
 Ode on Winter, by Charles S. Middleton, 46
 On Old Amyntichus, a Gardener, by John Edmund Reade, 296
 On Pindar, by J. E. Reade, 296
 On Sophocles, by J. E. Reade, 296
 On the Statue of Alexander the Great, by J. E. Reade, 296
 Our Patron, by Frances Brown, 112
 Pagan and Papal Rome, 335
 Palace of Fantasy, by J. S. Hardy, 338
 Pantomimes, the, 75
 Parana, Scenes in, 91
 Parliamentary Society of Birmingham, 67
 Partners for Life, by Camilla Toulmin, 57
 Parlour Library, 336
 Past, Present, and Future, by Charles S. Middleton, 256
 Patent Medicines, Old and New—
 Sketch 1. Empirical Remedies of our Forefathers, 187
 " 2. Quackery in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, 263
 Pauper Child, by Clara Payne, 308
 Percy St. John's Lectures on America, 213
 Persian Painting, 214, 408
 Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers, and Politicians, 273
 People of Character, by J. A. Heraud, 317
 Pictures of the Times—
 No. 1. The Crime of Poverty, 107
 Petrarca, Specimens of, by T. H. Sealy, 262, 288, 357
 Philosophy, History of, 36
 Pilgrimage to the Fountain of Arethusa, 297
 Poacher's Wife, the, by Charlton Carew, 206
 Poetic Musings, by J. S. Hardy, 338
 Polytechnic Institution, 343
 Polytechnic Institution of Birmingham, 68
 Poor Renewal Act, 64
 Princess's Theatre, 76, 151
 Progress of Public Education, 65
 Prophecy, the, a Tale of Cracow, 23
 Proposed Scientific Association, 128

- Public Education, Progress of, 66
- Queen's Theatre, 279
- Ranthorpe, 405
- Recollections of a Tour in France, Italy,
and Switzerland, 248
- Remarks on Female Education, 147
- Resignation, by William Wise, 327
- Rock Building and Investment Society, 73
- Rome, Pagan and Papal, by an English
Resident, 335
- Rough Recollections of Rambles Abroad,
by Calder Campbell, 314
- Ruins of Carthage, a fragment from an
unknown author, 265
- Sacred Philharmonic Society, 75
- Sadler's Wells, 151
- Satyric Drama, 160
- Severn's Concert, 75
- Song, 366
- Spanish Armada, 233
- Statistical History of England, by Thomas
Doubleday, 333
- Story of Little Red Riding Hood, by Fanny
E. Lacy, 159
- Story of Lilly Dawson, by Mrs. Crowe, 270
- Story of Reval, by Acletos, 166
- Stout Hereward and the Lady Artfrud, by
Acletos, 17
- Strawberry Hill, 146
- Studio, the, and other Poems, 147
- Suicide, the, by D. E. Jerrold, 187
- Summer, a Sonnet, by L. Girdley, 201
- Summer Hours, by Fanny E. Lacy, 229
- Supply of Cotton from the East, 244
- Surrey Theatre, 76, 279
- "Tancred," or, the High-Nosed Jews and
the Flat-Nosed Franks, 281
- Temper, Bell's comedy of, 351
- Tennyson, Poems of, 392
- The One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm,
a Tale of the Puritans:
Chap. 1. Oliver Cromwell, 387
" 2. The Puritan's Daughter, 388
" 3. The Puritan's Capture, 389
" 4. The Execution, 390
- The Young Maid, the Young Flower, 371
- The Widow's Youngest Son, by Fanny E.
Lacy, 391
- Theatres, 74
- Three Cousins, the, by Mrs. Trollope, 403
- Three Suitors, the, 313
- To a Father on the Death of his Daughter,
by Henry King, M.A., 352
- Tomb of the Black Prince, the, by Stuart
Farquharson, D.C.L., 254
- Treatise on the Human Teeth and Gums,
by J. W. Merton, 55
- Two Huts on the Rock, by E. Ollier, 93
- Use of Flowers, 407
- Vandenhoff at Belfast, 277
- Ventriloquism, 342
- Virginian, the, by Frances Brown, 183
- Vision of the Night, by John Edmund
Reade, 371
- Visitation of Woe, by C. T. Browne, 132
- Wanderer, the, by Charlton Carew, 228
- Waterfall, the, 104
- Waterloo, 181
- What is Life Assurance? by Jenkin Jones,
65, 141
- Whittington Club and Metropolitan Athe-
næum, 69
- Winter, Ode on, by Charles Middleton, 46
- Woodleighton, or a Year in the Country,
by Mary Howitt, 336
- Works of G. P. R. James, 145, 335
- Works of George Sand, 145

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46

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